

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 11, No. 21

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Proprietors
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 9, 1898.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annual (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 541

Things in General.

So far the United States has not declared war against Spain, and as the froth boils off the Yankee saucepan the anxiety for a fight is apparently decreasing. President McKinley's attitude, considering the clamor with which his ears have been assailed, has been one of great self-restraint, and the fact that a President has been able to resist such fervid and apparently well-grounded appeals for war must certainly increase the respect with which he and his office will be regarded by the diplomatic world. It is not the first time that a President of the United States has shown himself superior to the outcries of the mob, and the republic he rules should congratulate itself that its chief magistrate occasionally, if not always, rises superior to the low and thoughtless elements which too often direct the course and fix the conduct of the man at the helm.

It may be prejudice or pessimism, yet I cannot free myself when a great agitation is going on in the United States, from the belief that much of it is created for speculative purposes, or in a spirit of bravado and bluff intended to impress the world rather than expected to materialize into anything serious. At the present moment the various States of the Union are voting from five hundred thousand to a million dollars each to put their militia on something like war footing. The governors and legislatures thoroughly well understand that Spain is unlikely to invade the United States, and that the militia will not be required for invading the enemy's country, but as war is the talk and "gulf" is the game, no politician can be behindhand in showing his "patriotism." The money may not be altogether wasted, and in the majority of cases the large appropriations will not be expended, so a great and thrilling sensation can be enjoyed at small expense. One thing, however, is demonstrated, and that is that the United States could raise, if it desired, on very short notice, an enormous amateur army fairly well equipped and reasonably willing to fight. To demonstrate this is alone worth to our neighbors what money it will cost.

The protests sent in to President McKinley against His Holiness the Pope acting as mediator between Spain and the United States, were instantly effectual. President McKinley, in refusing the act of friendly and pious intervention, says that he is unable to accept it owing to "the prejudice, even though unjust, entertained by a majority of the American people against the Vatican's intervention in political affairs." If this reply had been made by a Canadian Premier what a wild cry of bigotry would have been raised. But we hear of no protest from the bishops or archbishops in the United States, for the constitution of that country expressly prohibits the recognition of any church, either in education, politics or diplomacy, either by subsidy or in sentiment. It would be fortunate for us in Canada if our rulers were able to so summarily dismiss the intervention of preachers or prelates in our politics. What extraordinary embarrassments we would be freed from! How much more nimble would the feet of progress pursue the path of our possibilities if at every step our religious instructors were not continually raising the cry that they were being trodden upon!

Outside of these, in themselves important objections to the Pope's intervention, why should he, any more than any other spiritual pastor, be made the mediator between two great temporal powers? Indeed, it seems fortunate for him, and for the historic church of which he is head, that such intervention has been refused. Were it accepted by one nation and rejected by the other, or were it accepted by both and come to an unfortunate termination, the resulting war would seem more impious and dreadful than it otherwise would have appeared. If all the churches of the world were to be asked to intervene, doubtless they would put forward their chief men and peace would be insisted upon. But then the world does not entrust its spiritual advisers with the management of its temporal affairs. Possibly it would be better if greater faith were shown in the doctrines which Christians profess. Nevertheless, it is the actual condition of affairs, and not matters as they should be, which weighs most heavily in the adjustment of international and inter-personal concerns. If we asked ourselves the question what we really do entrust to our spiritual leaders, we might be puzzled in questioning one another. In self-examination we might be much surprised to find that but few entrust their spiritual advisers with more than the baptismal, marriage and burial duties, together with the privilege of preaching twice on Sunday and appearing in some auxiliary church work once a week. When people are sick they do not send for the pastor or priest to restore them to health; when they are quarreling they go to a lawyer; when they are trying to make money they keep away from the pastor, lawyer and doctor, and hustle for themselves. When they choose a wife they do it without the guidance of anybody; when they build a house they engage an architect; when they go on a journey in a strange land they hire a guide without examining him as to his beliefs; and so on through the whole programme of life. This being the case, the intervention of a spiritual leader in warlike concerns seems to show a good deal of assurance which would not be more marked if the doctor protested that he should act as arbitrator in the work of two lawyers or the designs of two architects. True, thousands of human lives are in the balance, as they always will be in every great work or every great war, as they are in every great trade, and every great factory and every great city. We cannot forget that war is always going on, even when we endeavor to delude ourselves that peace reigns. Half-paid operatives are toiling for bread and dying of hunger; millions of the unemployed and outcasts are perishing by the wayside in the various so-called Christian lands; and in these wars it would be much better if the churches stepped forward and asked to mediate rather than to thrust themselves into prominence when there is to be actual blood-letting. Well fed, well-conditioned troops may meet death with reasonable equanimity when it is not likely to be by inches, but as swift as a stroke of lightning. The social wars which are bitterest in the lands where the pontiff has the greatest influence, need powerful and plausibly intervention, though of course intervention in those cases means the alienation of the powerful and compensation for the poor. This task, being one which requires the expenditure of money and the loss of wealthy allies, is one the churches do not seek; but, in the case of a real war, when all the world is gazing at the belligerents, it is different. The nations, the churches and the people who intervene, all come out in the bright light of the war beacons, and almost everybody is willing to be a personage in the spectacle.

It is a hard trial for a judge to pass the death sentence on a murderer. It is a terrible thing for a spectator who has to see human life lost without a possibility of doing anything to save it. It is agony to see the vital spark of a loved one extinguished, though the life of the one left would be cheerfully given to detain the parting soul. How terrible, then, must it be for a man in whose hands are the destinies of two nations about to go to war. President McKinley knows that defeat is impossible for the United States, yet he knows when he declares war that thousands, perhaps tens, hundreds of thousands, must die in battle by sea and land. Is it any wonder that he is loath to say the word which will plunge two great nations into conflict? Imagine his feelings, in case of war, when the vessels go out to do battle with the modern Spanish armada! Try for an instant to think as he will think as he looks in the faces of the wives and mothers and sisters of the

men who go from shore never to return. Imagine, as he no doubt imagines, the home-coming of such ships as may return to the pier, with the list of dead and dying, wounded and missing! Turn as he will turn and look in the faces of the multitude when the war fever has gone down to the cold, clammy chill which the hand of death brings to every person or nation! Travel with him as he will travel after the war and see the battered veterans, the widowed and sonless women, and you will get some idea of how difficult it is even for the head of a nation, whose individuality is almost extinguished in his office, to hold up his hand and let the combat begin.

It is worth taking a little trouble to find out the size of the men who govern the city of Toronto, and an effort in this direction has discovered the Fire and Light Committee of the Council to contain at least one of the smallest of the pin-headed variety which this vicinity can produce. Merely to test the question and to find out with what courtesy large taxpayers are treated, the company publishing SATURDAY NIGHT sent a small bill amounting to \$11.50 for a rebate on water used and for acknowledgment of services in assisting to extinguish fires in the neighborhood of the SATURDAY NIGHT Building. The trifling amount of the bill should have indicated that the question involved was not one of money, but of principle, but it only resulted in exciting the indignation of one of the most insignificant members of the committee, and his bilious talk resulted in the scornful rejection of the account, as the Company presenting it expected. Moreover, not a courteous word was said, nor was any request for explanation or a detailed account made.

The circumstances are these: The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, pay \$739.64 taxes on a building and lot, and everyone within the building, from the manager down, is assured for all they get. The building is insured for \$25,000 and

and could go nowhere else, but that does not affect the general question. Ordinarily the readers of the newspapers accept these threats as nothing more than a bluff, but often there is a very well-grounded basis for many of these improprieties. Nothing is more likely to drive them away than the impertinence of people like Ald. Dunn, who said, in connection with the trifling experimental bill which was presented to the committee, "They used the water to protect their own premises, and this bill is a piece of gall of which the Company ought to be ashamed." Ald. Dunn falls very easily into loud and bumptious talk, and he has shown his size in a way that will probably be remembered even by those who do not buy meat in his stall.

The water used by the Company was to protect the premises adjacent to the fire, not SATURDAY NIGHT Building, for it was unlikely to be burned. The services of the firemen were for the same purpose, as well as for the partial saving of the building in flames. All the citizens in common pay for these things. Not another building in the block had ample fire appliances of its own. If every other building had been equally well equipped, if all the buildings in the city were as well equipped, nearly all the fires could be extinguished by watchmen or policemen, and the cost of a fire brigade would be reduced to a trifle, for the business premises, as a rule, are not used at night and are not at all more liable to damage by fire than a private dwelling.

Take the SATURDAY NIGHT Building as an example. It pays its water rates in addition to its taxes; it pays its share of the expense of the fire brigade; it has made every possible provision against fire, for it is not one of the buildings that are built to have burned down. Yet it has every tax imposed upon it which a wooden shanty not three doors away has placed upon it. The shanty, which is a menace to the neighborhood, escapes with slight taxes because it is of little value. The big buildings have to support it as well as themselves, and when the fire appliances

feels it should not grant. The whole movement has gone far enough now to culminate in Toronto offering in set terms what it will do for the Grand Trunk if it removes its general offices to this city. If it is to be a building site of value and beauty, let it be arranged for and promptly presented. But we must bear in mind that it will do us no ultimate good if we approach the question in a huckstering spirit. If General Manager Hays thinks it will be to his advantage to come to Toronto, and this city is polite and generous and clear-cut in its proposition, the offices will come here. If, on the other hand, he is simply playing a game against Montreal, nothing in reason that we can offer will induce him to come. The proposition should be businesslike, and calculations as to the increase of population and benefit to this city might very well be left in the background instead of, as at present, being elaborated in the newspapers so as to excite Montreal to counter-propositions. Small towns may find it profitable, though I think it exceedingly doubtful, to bid against one another for the location of public enterprises, but certainly Montreal and Toronto should not enter into any such race, which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would mean that everything worth having would be continually dangling itself before the eyes of the people of both places.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL MULOCK has introduced a bill for two-cent postage in Canada, and it is understood that he has been able to make such large savings in the mailing contracts and other details of his department that this long-hoped-for change will not make the mail service of Canada more burdensome to the general taxpayer. To business men the change from a three to a two-cent postage rate would be a great relief, though of course it is a relief that any postmaster-general could have accorded had he had the consent of his colleagues to make the general deficit and burden of the department immensely greater than it has been in the past. The change undertaken, however, is understood, will not make the burden greater, for enormous savings have been effected, and the increase of correspondence under the two-cent rate is hoped to compensate to a certain extent for the reduced rate. Another and important aid in reducing the general expenses of the department is the taxation of newspapers carried more than ten miles, and this is fixed at a quarter of a cent per pound after January 1899 and is to continue until June 1899, when the rate will be a half a cent per pound. The charge is not excessive, and the necessity of weighing and watching these papers will make it much more difficult for purely advertising matter and fake publications to be pushed through the mails as newspapers. In the end the legitimate publisher will be benefited, particularly the country publisher, who will not find his advertising space going begging because his whole constituency is deluged with fake stuff from large cities. As a matter of fact, the newspaper publisher has no right to receive anything from the Government for nothing, and when he appears to receive any such favor he is nearly always misled, for advantage of the privileges is taken by "fake" competitors who are not put to any expense in obtaining reading matter, but who obtain advertisements at a high rate for a large circulation and use the post-offices as if they were disseminating valuable news. Taking it altogether, the small charge will be a benefit rather than an injury, and yet it will yield a considerable revenue, for the Postoffice Department last year carried free nearly 17,000,000 pounds of newspapers, or what purported to be newspapers. Even the cheapest daily paper will find its customers more ready to send in a small amount as a subscription when the postage is only two cents, than when it is three cents. Postmaster-General Mulock is one of the most vigilant, capable, and economical Ministers of the Government, and it is doubtful if any other member of the Administration will be able during the present Parliament to offer what is so clearly a benefit to the people at so small a cost. Of course he will meet with opposition, as indeed he is already doing, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., alleging that the tax on newspapers is an attempt to prevent the dissemination of news of Government misdeeds throughout the country. Of course everybody who knows how newspapers are distributed, and how little the charge means, will laugh at this piece of demagoguery. Some, of course, may believe it, but no reform can be effected without opposition, detraction and falsification. However we will have two-cent letter postage, and as far as the carriage of papers is concerned, we will not be behind the United States, where a charge is made for newspapers, and that is a country which is not generally supposed to be inclined to "throttle" the public press.

SOMEONE has sent me a pamphlet of which the following is a portion of the title page:

THE NEW ERA AT HAND
(Easter, 1898)
Or, The Approaching Close of
THE GREAT PROPHETIC PERIODS,
Being Biblical and Astronomical Proofs,
Relating to the
Great Assize Held by the "Ancient of Days,"
The Period of "That Day," the End of the Gentile and Jewish
Times.

The Resurrection of the Just,
The Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ,
The Near Restoration of the Jewish Kingdom,
And the Millennium.

Arranged in Diagrams and on the Basis of Scientific Time.

By J. B. Dimbleby,

Premier Chronologist to the British Chronological and Astronomical Association, London, First Calculator of all the Eclipses and Transits, Author of All Past Time, The Appointed Time, The Historical Bible, and Prize Essayist (£100) on Universal Time, &c., &c.

Across this page was written, "Read Carefully if not read before and judge for yourself."

This book, we are told, was written some six years ago, though the present—fourteenth—edition is dated July, 1897. We are also informed that the price is threepence, and as it deals with the end of things earthly it should be cheap at the price, though, if sincere, those who believe its teachings should have flooded the world with the pamphlet free of charge. The revolution which is approaching is not described in detail, but an idea of it is given in an introductory paragraph, as follows:

"So far as my own mind is concerned, I believe that it is the end of civil and political government and the introduction of Divine Government; but what will be the necessary accompaniments and results of Divine Government—what their greatness, their grandeur, and their new stages of life—my pen cannot describe. They are written in Scripture and involve a resurrection, the coming of the Son of Man, the restoration of the Jewish kingdom, and the millennium."

The period which is just closing, according to this author, who's name has been hitherto unfamiliar to me, is the Gentile period, the astronomical year 5806th, or our 1898th. The three following paragraphs indicate to a certain extent the character of the work:

"There is yet an important point for our consideration. Although the little horn of Mohammedan power is to prevail for 1200 years, which end at 1898th A.D., yet there is no clear evidence that the Ancient of Days does not come to the mid-heavens some time previous to this date, and consequently the first resurrection—that of all the holy dead—take place, and together with all living saints, who are then quickened, ascend the mid-heavens, where the grand levee and assize occurs. The question is, does this assize, at which the glorified saints are present, many of whom are seated on thrones, give judgment against the little horn, and must not this judgment, by which the Sultan is cast out of Palestine, be given before the time of

President McKinley, Lyman J. Gage, Sec. of Treasury, John D. Long, Sec. of Navy, James Wilson, Sec. of Agriculture, J. J. McCook, Sec. of State, John Sherman, Russell A. Alger, Sec. of War, James A. Gary.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CHIEF ADVISERS.

The annual premium which is paid upon it and its contents is over \$400. At considerable expense a stand-pipe was put in the building, with two-inch hose on every floor, extending to the roof; and a night watchman is employed who is well instructed in the use of these appliances. The boiler which heats the building is in an area under the sidewalk, and this area is carefully separated from the main building. All the power used is electrical, and is so placed that no danger of fire is incurred. The building itself is one of the strongest in the city, with piers and walls sufficiently powerful to carry several additional stories.

The above facts are stated simply as the foundation for the statement of injustice perpetrated upon the proprietors of good buildings in this city. The highest possible rates of insurance are charged, the highest possible taxes are charged, and no additional service is given to anybody. Even the lanes around the SATURDAY NIGHT Building are asphalted—the first ever so paved in Toronto by petition of the people. The Company owning the building have been the leaders in every enterprise to improve Adelaide street west, and their energy and progressiveness have added largely to the assessable value of all the properties, and it was through the perseverance of the Company that one of the worst pieces of street in the city was properly paved during the past year.

Now what is the result? During the John Eaton Company fire the watchman of SATURDAY NIGHT Building had water turned on and his hose covering the shingled roofs surrounding SATURDAY NIGHT Building before the fire brigade had arrived. He stood at his post till his arms were terribly blistered, and he had to lie down behind the parapet on the roof in order to partially protect himself from the intense heat. Without doubt if he had not kept the roofs of some of the old buildings in the neighborhood wet the fire would have greatly extended, and his services were recognized by the insurance companies by a handsome honorarium, and he has since been given a position at the new City Hall. But the Sheppard Publishing Company had to pay for every particle of water that was thrown on those buildings, as what passed through the stand-pipe also passed through the metre. The insurance companies paid for the damage done to the building by the intense heat, and of course there is no complaint to make against them, but it does seem unjust that the only building in the neighborhood supplied with a night watchman and thorough fire appliances should have to pay for the water used in confining the blaze, considering that the service was as useful as that of the fire brigade itself.

In the case of the more recent fire in the premises of the Dominion Box Factory, the first two streams of water on the adjacent buildings came from the same source, and the Sheppard Publishing Company had to pay for the water which passed through the metre and the hose. The amount of money is a trifling, but the injustice is a very great one, and the airing of it is done for the sole purpose of calling the attention of the citizens to some of the conditions which make companies restless while doing business in this city. Continually we are hearing of this firm or that company threatening to go elsewhere unless certain concessions are made—of course SATURDAY NIGHT belongs here

of a large structure keep the shanty from being burned, the big building is practically fined by the city for doing it—as it possibly ought to be—by being made to pay for the water used. Nevertheless a slight protest against this sort of thing is esteemed by Ald. Dunn to be a "piece of gall."

My own view of the matter is that buildings that protect themselves as far as they can, comply with every regulation of the city and the insurance companies, and instead of being a menace to their neighbors are a protection to them, should receive some consideration. If this is not done, the whole tendency on the part of those who have buildings to protect will naturally be the same as those who have buildings to burn, KEEP DOWN EXPENSES AND LET THE INSURANCE COMPANIES PAY THE BILL. This sort of thing would make insurance rates even higher than they now are. It would force the city to keep a larger fire brigade, and naturally vastly increase the expense of the average ratepayer. If nothing is allowed to a company that maintains its own fire brigade as effectually as it has been maintained by the company in question, certainly the city should not increase its burden by charging it for the water which was used for the same purpose as the water from the hydrants was used by the fire brigade in confining the flames to the smallest possible radius. No doubt Ald. Dunn is entirely ignorant of what is just in such matters, but as he is ignorant in many other respects it should be made plain that the government of a city should not be left in such hands, but should include a knowledge of affairs larger than was shown by the Fire and Light Committee, and not left to the mouthings of penny people who hustle themselves into the City Council and then insult those who come in contact with them.

It would be difficult to find anyone in Ontario who would not infinitely prefer to see the Grand Trunk general offices in Toronto rather than in Montreal. This, too, is the province where the best paying business of the Grand Trunk is conducted; where the counties have given great bonuses to independent and auxiliary roads which are now the property of the Grand Trunk, and where, including the allied lines to the West, there is over three-quarters of the total mileage. Toronto as a city would be wildly enthusiastic if the Grand Trunk general offices were to come here, and even as it is every citizen feels grateful to Mayor Shaw for the effort he has made towards this end. Notwithstanding all this, I must confess to a feeling that Toronto is being used to a certain extent as a cat's-paw to pull chestnuts out of the Montreal fire for General Manager Hays, and the sensation involved is not a pleasant one. It is the fashion nowadays for influential concerns with a local grievance to set one city against another in competing for the presence of their factories and offices, involving considerable of a population and annual expenditure of money for wages. In many instances this sort of a campaign is caused by the impropriety with which a concern is treated at home, for a few people it is suggested to make a thoroughly cold and clammy threat to leave a city unless some injustice creates discontent. With railroad companies it is different. They are continually campaigning to get "everything there is in it," and I would regret to see Toronto lending itself to any scheme which is of no greater weight than to bulldoze Montreal into granting something which the city

the little horn has expired! This question cannot be conclusively determined, but as the end is so near we must not overlook pressing importance. The grand rapture may now occur any day.

"There are three living writers on the approximating fulfillment of prophecy, who are known as having given more investigation to this subject than other men, and they state that the end of the 2520 years is nearer than I place it. I respectfully allude to Mr. John Steed, the Rev. Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Gratian Guiness, who give the date as 1894, 1896, and 1897. Perhaps one hundred writers could be mentioned on the subject. The differences are great, with the exception of myself, they have not taken into consideration the irregularities of Parliamentary time. There is no doubt that if they would use measurements instead of opinions and individual judgment, we should all agree, as do the captains of ships when they determine longitudes and latitudes."

"This Great Assize precedes the Restoration of the Jews and the Millennium, or may be regarded as the beginning of both of them. It is denominated as 'that day' in Scripture, particularly by Isaiah, and to it the Apostle St. Paul alludes in speaking of the 'day of righteousness' which the Lord the righteous Judge would give him in That Day. The glory of this day was revealed by the transfiguration on the Mount. Thousands of Christians in England, America, and elsewhere, are expecting to see it, but great as is the interest on earth in the near revealing of the great salvation, the hosts of heaven are doubtless waiting with joy the hour when the 'set time' arrives. Four years hence from our 1894 is the limit of the present dispensation. If any man says the end is far off, let him make his calculations, and if the time has passed, I must say such a statement. I cannot find one. I have seen statements about the dynasties of Egypt, and when I asked for the calculations, they could not be produced. We have done with statements and conjectures made without the basis of a calculation."

A further idea of the book can be obtained on page 10:

"The book of Revelation is a narration of what will occur in the thirty years I have stated. Chap. iv, is similar to Dan. vii. In v. and vi. are particulars of the opening of the books of Dan. vii, 10, but the coming history actually begins with chap. vii, by sealing 144,000 Jews, who as the chosen race will again be the representatives of the salvation of the world. All Christians, resurrected and glorified, will be the multitude which no man can number. They will be destined to meet the Lord in the air or mid-heaven, where both St. Paul and Daniel (chap. 13) says the Son of Man will be to receive them."

"This, then, is the lesson which investigation of Scripture and the science of time reveals. We may expect that all civil governments and 'isms' will be overthrown in six years hence (I write these lines in January, 1892), and that Divine authority will follow. We must also expect that most of the righteous persons now living will never see death. Christians have not long to labor and wait, for when we all hear the sound of the bugle and the booming trumpets which will herald the presence of the Son of the Living God. Events will transpire rapidly, one after the other, and they are so near that even men far advanced in years may expect to see the beginning of the grand climax of the plan of redemption. But although some may close their eyes in death before the Prince of Life appears, yet their bones, like those of Joseph, will not have turned to dust before the deliverance. Shortly, the righteous departed will be back again—yes, back again—for 'those that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him.'

I have not enjoyed the pleasure of "Professor" Dimbleby's acquaintance, either personally or through the medium of his writings; and if it were not the moment when these great things that he has figured out were imminent I would hardly spend time in criticizing his methods or disputing his arguments. The day after this issue will be Easter, and the saints will be caught up into the air if this writer is correct in his theory. It may seem bold and almost blasphemous to contradict him on such short notice, but as I am no believer in deathbed repentance and am quite sure that I am now as fit to meet a crisis of this kind as I will be in a couple of years, I shall venture to differ with the learned chronologist. I have read his book as carefully as time will permit, but I must admit that I cannot see the force of his figures. Where anything is lacking he adds eighteen or some number which makes his statements seem like facts. His bookkeeping, in fact, reminds me of the statement of the fellow who said that he and his partner had the simplest system of bookkeeping in the world. He was office man and kept a cash-book and nothing else. When there was too little cash he charged it to his partner; when there was too much he put extra cash in his pocket and called the account square. When Professor Dimbleby has too many years he subtracts something which I have been unable to find any reason for. When he has too few years he adds something to them, quotes a passage of Scripture and passes on. We may be on the eve of the close of what he calls the "Gentile period." As I have never done business or written my weekly articles on the basis of the Gentile period, this does not startle me, and I would be weak indeed to be influenced by having some new reckoning of time thrust upon me as a basis for a new performance. The millennium may be near at hand, though as far as I can gather from Professor Dimbleby it will take thirty years for the millennium to be worked out after next Easter. He is very indistinct as to what will become of us who are not caught up in the air to meet the Saviour, but I imagine it will be disastrous for all of us, and it is a disaster against which we cannot provide. The saints, properly enough, are to be rewarded, and their selection will no doubt astonish many of us. Whether or not the selection will be popular is fortunately a thing that we cannot settle or influence.

Taking the thing seriously, I think that Professor Dimbleby is a "threepenny" prophet, whose business it has been to write pamphlets for his own emolument. A man who is as certain as he would have us believe that all civil and secular government will end at Easter, would not charge threepence for his pamphlet, but would be busy evangelizing the people and preparing them for the great change. Surely Noah did not do the "threepenny pamphlet" act before the flood! The world has a surfeit of these threepenny prophets, and unfortunately there are a great many people who believe this sort of thing, neglect their business or sell their holdings, and arrange to depart hence, as per Second Adventist prophecies. The Second Adventists have had many startling disappointments, yet they always find a mistake in their arithmetic which permits them to have a new sensation. Their prophets make the money; they make the mistake. And they keep on making it in a way that is very saddening to people of ordinary intelligence, for men and women cannot do business and look after their mundane affairs when they are expecting every moment to be caught up into the air. Years ago a number of this sort sold or gave away their belongings and assembled with newly washed and stiffly starched linen, prepared to make the ascension, and when the event failed to come off they were homeless, penniless and helpless, and unfortunately many of them were faithless. In a couple of days we will know whether Professor Dimbleby is correct or not; but we may be sure that if he is at fault he will immediately revise his chronology and fix a date later on, and during the interval his pamphlet will still continue to sell at threepence and will go from fourteen to many other editions. It seems almost time that the world ceased to listen to this sort of cheap-John theology; but it never will pass the point when interested people will be able to make money out of the holiest instincts of humanity. The pagan and Christian worlds have been alike exemplifications of the readiness with which people will listen to cheap prophets and not be benefited by them, but merely disturbed by their doctrines. The fact that Mr. Dimbleby has to apologize for Brother Baxter and others affords proof how from year to year these pretentious people have kept themselves in sight by chronological and theological fulminations! If the events that are prophesied come to pass, everybody will be glad. The world is tired enough of its present condition and will be glad of a thirty years' millennium, or preparation for a millennium, or an opportunity to die, or whatever the programme may be, which I am sorry to say is hard to find out from the indefinite astronomer. One thing is true, that never within the memory of those now living were there so many rumors of war and threatenings as at present. The battle of Armageddon may be near at hand. If so, no one will make complaint. We are here by no solicitation of our own, and our departure hence will be quite satisfactory if we all do it together, because the one thing that the human mind dreads is lonesomeness. If what happens to one happens to everybody, then it is a relief, a joy, a solution of a question which nobody hitherto has been able to solve.

Rev. Elliott Rowe is an unusually large man, vigorous in thought and speech, and capable of a tremendous amount of exertion. He seems to stand just now at a fork in the roads. He is almost determined to try to accomplish something practical on earth as well as to preach ideals about eternity. He holds that Christianity, applied, would solve the economic problems that stagger the world, and that nothing else will solve them. He has half a mind to hurl himself into the thick of the world's fight, not as a citizen, but as the priest of a religion that was meant for the world and not for the churches—meant for life and not for death-beds, for strong men and not invalids, for the market-place and not the cloister. But the task may yet appall him, and if so he would not be the first to measure it, give it up, and turn into the easy road beaten smooth with the feet of millions of travelers who took the easiest path through life on the plea that eternity is everything.

The Unquietude of a Preacher.

HERE are those who say that in this swift, nervous age the modern church lags far behind the world's necessities. Among those who express this opinion must be included many clergymen who are not misled by the crowded state of their churches on the Sunday, but who look out rather into the busy world on Monday, and every other day, and realize how little of all that was hoped for has been accomplished. It would be very strange, indeed, if clergymen could walk open-eyed through the world for six days of the week and be content with the results of their preaching on the seventh. "The duty of a clergyman is not to get a few persons into a corner and keep rounding them up, and heading them off, and barking at them as a sheep-dog does with a flock of sheep, and now and then sending a batch of them off to their reward; nor is it his duty to go out and pull others into isolation and safety, but it is his duty to go out into the world and see that Christianity becomes an active force in everyday life." These are not the expressions of a newspaper man, but the sentiments (if not the exact words) of Rev. Elliott Rowe in his lecture on Men and Money in the Euclid avenue Methodist church last Monday night.

Here is a man who has a pulpit and a congregation; he has with him the influence of a religion as old as the world, and so entrenched and strong that it has for centuries worked at the task of substituting itself for perverted forms of belief in Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, yet here and in this day, he finds it necessary to come forward on a week night with an indictment against Christian civilization, as being unequal, unfair, cruel, with "a few men sitting on the heads of the many, gorged and besotted—gorged with power and with gold." The preacher, standing amid the symbols and in the temple of his creed—on a platform from which the pulpit had been removed, lecturing on those wrongs of men for which the regenerate were

Osgoode Hall on Saturday morning bore living witness to the mischievous possibilities of slipshod reportorial work.

Before the Master-in-Chambers a pretty little case was being put through one of its graceful stages. The Hall-Winton-Gowanlock suit had been before Judge Macdougall the previous day, when after two hours of hot argument Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey—for his client, Gowanlock—served an order on the judge prohibiting him from hearing Hall's suit until the Master's suit had been heard. This order was signed by Mr. Justice MacMahon and was arguable on Monday. It was the Winton suit, then, that came up on Saturday morning, and the Master passed it over until Tuesday morning, which brought it on three or four hours ahead of the Hall suit before Judge Macdougall, which had been laid over until Tuesday at 2:30 p.m.

The Master-in-Chambers, Mr. Winchester, is one of the hard workers of Osgoode Hall. He sits from two to four hours a day struggling with all kinds of cases. He is beset with motions, often trifling and troublesome, and hears some very raw arguments from embryo lawyers. The Master's personal peculiarity is that he smiles when he speaks, whether he feels funny or not.

An out-of-town case also came before the Master on Saturday morning and brought one of the most interesting men in Toronto to his feet, in the person of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, Q.C. He is one of the most unpretentious of men, but cold, collected, quiet and resolute. Owing to his appearance and deportment, a stranger might mistake him for an obscure barrister; and even when he begins to speak one might set him down as an ordinary person. But as you follow him you are made to know that beneath that even flow of words, uttered with an unchanging voice, there is a great, often a perfect logic, that holds the judge to attention and sets the opposing counsel ransacking piles of law books. Of all our distinguished lawyers, Mr. Aylesworth has, perhaps, the most remarkable memory. He seldom quotes law in his arguments, but cites precedents off-hand, his eyes while moving here and there about the room as if he were thinking of something else than the speech which he so smoothly delivers. When a man is needed on short notice to take up an intricate case, Mr. Aylesworth is generally selected, for he is known to possess the power to master a knotty case in a couple of hours. Cases have been put in his hands at night, and at ten next morning he has been in court, ready to proceed. He possesses great native ingenuity and can shift his base unseem when he finds a judge obtuse or an opposing counsel well equipped. He speaks as if he had no doubt whatever of the result, but attempts no rhetoric, which may be due to the fact that he has always kept clear of politics. To this may also be ascribed the fact that he is the least known of our prominent lawyers, although one of the best all-round men in the profession. When his argument is finished he sits through the reply of his opponent as though it was a very great bore, yet a formality that must be gone through. Mr. Aylesworth is clean-shaven and close-cropped, with a large knobby head, hard-packed with mind and intellect. He was opposed in this argument by Mr. R. C. Clute, Q.C., whose talents and style of argument are very different, yet also marked and effective.

In the west wing Judge Ferguson was hearing argument in the Street Railway case re pavements. Eight or nine men in all were present—the judge, the court officials, Hon. S. H. Blake and Mr. Fullerton for the city, and Mr. William Laidlaw for the company. Mr. B. B. Osler, for the company, was not present. Here were about six men before the court, and Mr. Blake, speaking hour after hour, perhaps day after day, to the judge, who looked at the ceiling or knit his brows and searched the face of the speaker, and, digesting a point, took a pen and made a note on the paper before him. It was so very different from the average man's ideas of a court room—no crowd, no rhetoric, no noise, but only half a dozen men listening to one who spoke on and on in conversational style, while on the bench sat a big man with a big mind and a big heart—one of the big incorrigible men who save the world—listening and weighing without fear, favor or loss of patience, and, in the end, giving a verdict that all respect and which will serve as a landmark and a precedent to our grandchildren. It is in our higher courts that one gets replenished his faith in humanity and confidence in the poise and permanence of our institutions. With us, justice is calm and undismayed. The anarchist who might enter Osgoode Hall with evil intent would be disarmed by the very atmosphere of the place, which breathes traditions and prophecies of security.

Mr. Moscrip of Fingal, who was not disposed of nor dealt with. Finally someone mustered courage to send a messenger to the private rooms of the judge to enquire if his lordship intended to deliver judgment in the two cases in question. He did not intend to do so. He did not know when he would do so. Mr. Moscrip went back to St. Mary's and Mr. McNish to Fingal. Under cross-examination no doubt these two gentlemen could be made to admit that they were vexed at being led to journey from their distant homes to Osgoode Hall, only to find the door of the Court of Appeal closed and no explanation obtainable of the humbug that had been played upon them. The responsibility rests somewhere, and this brings us to the point, either that Mr. Justice MacLennan failed to keep his appointment, or that the newspapers made an unauthorized announcement. Perhaps to the two men who were put to so much inconvenience and expense it is not important which explanation is correct, but probably it would gratify the curiosity of the public if the point were cleared up. It is not probable that Mr. Justice MacLennan promised to deliver judgments at a certain time and place and then ignored the appointment without a word to the litigants who appeared in response to his call. It is much more probable that the newspapers were entirely responsible for the error. Perhaps the presence of Messrs. Moscrip and McNish at

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Latest Novelties in Dress Materials for Spring and Summer.

MILLINERY—French and American Patterns Hats and Bonnets.

GLOVES FOR EASTER

Special For This Week

2-clasp Gloves in all colors, \$1 and \$1.25, with Fancy Stitchings Undressed Kid Gloves in all the New Spring Shadings.

GENTS' GLOVES

R. & G.—CORSETS—P. & D.

Paris Kid Glove Store

Tel. 888 11 & 13 King Street East

Any Color

you may desire . . .

\$3.50
10 piece Toilet Sets

These are special and are worth twice the price.

Pantechnetheca
116 Yonge Street

Very Stylish Belts

Just received a very choice line of the very newest Ladies' Belts.

Especially worthy of note are those with cut steel—fancy stones—vitrified enamel—cut jet and fancy leathers.

Believing that the demand for such goods will be larger than ever before, we have prepared for it.

Ryrie Bros.

JEWELERS
COR. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STS.
TORONTO

If you are contemplating changing any of your carpets this spring, give hardwood floors a thought. They can be laid in good designs for no more than the price of good carpets, and will outlast a dozen carpets. Catalogue and price list on application.

William H. Elliott
40 King St. East, Toronto

...FOR...
Easter LILIES and Spring Flowers

Dunlop's

The demand during the Easter season is always very large and it is well to place your orders early. Write for descriptive price list. No distance too far to send Dunlop's cut flowers, and their arrival in good condition guaranteed.

5 KING WEST 445 YONGE

Lawn Rollers

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Corner King and Victoria Streets
TORONTO.

The editorials in the Russian, French and German papers are now interesting to Britons. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* says: "Bismarck has said, 'Every nation must sooner or later pay for the windows its Press has smashed'; and England, the country least able to go to war, pays for the conduct of her Press by her helpless isolation."

Social and Personal.

THE unworded leisure of Lent has given many of us time to investigate and enjoy the progress of some favorite charitable work, and thus it happens that the very able lady in charge of the Victor Mission House Cooking School, Miss Gratton, has sometimes parties of visitors as well as a class of a dozen girls in her exquisitely clean room in the basement, where she lectures and teaches. If the proper study of mankind is man, Miss Gratton illustrates with much conviction and enthusiasm that the proper study of womankind is cookery, and it is a picture to see, her, say, on Wednesday evening, when standing at the head of a spotless horse-shoe counter, she gives out a recipe and minute directions, which are earnestly followed by a dozen young girls, most of them maids in situations, all of them bound to master the secrets of preparing various wholesome and toothsome dishes. Each maid has a little gas-stove and a cooking-shelf before her, and on the counter her utensils, while on shelves below are condiments of all sorts, baking-powder and various other things. On Wednesday night the little maids tossed up some excellent tea-biscuits, and made chocolate which went, *ensemble*, "down our red lanes" in great amity and accord. All types of maids were there—the fat little mischief, Mabel, the bright independent Millie, the sedate, the nervous, the dull; and the clever little worker, whose every movement was neat and smart and decisive. It was most interesting to see the accurate measuring, the neat methods taught by Miss Gratton, and the rising color of the earnest young cooks when the bad dough stuck to the rolling-pin, or would not be rolled out evenly. However, the ultimate result was a great success, and the biscuits were light and tasty. An hour on Wednesday evening is pleasantly passed watching this nice class of maids. The room is lined with cupboards, lockers for the little *bonnet de cuisinier* and bibbed apron of each student, drawers of tea-towels, shelves of graniteware, of provisions and crockery. A very distressing nuisance is the disturbance raised outside the windows by vagabond boys, who hoot and yell, and throw in refuse and sticks should a sash be lowered for ventilation. There seems a dearth of wide-awake police thereabouts. This cooking-school with its various classes, ladies, nurses, poor mothers, young school-girls, working girls, has been the noble thought and care of sweet Mrs. Treble of Euclid Hall, whose liberality keeps it going. A fee of one dollar secures some fifteen or more lessons to a young servant, and the benefit to her mistress would soon be worth many times that sum. "Men are made brutes, or brutes men, by what and how they eat," says the teacher finally.

Mrs. Anderson of Elyria, Ohio, is visiting at her former home, 147 Shuter street.

The death of Mrs. Hoskins on Sunday was a great shock and sincere grief to many persons in Toronto who loved and respected the bright, clever and charming little lady. To her relatives, particularly her son and daughter, so well known and liked in social circles, sincerest sympathy is extended on all sides. The dainty figure of Mrs. Hoskins, her clever wit, keen insight and bright manner will long be missed from the society she so thoroughly adorned.

Another sad occurrence this penitential time was the death of Mrs. Robert Bethune of College street, for so many years a prominent member of Toronto society and noted for her kind and capable interest in all good works. Mrs. Bethune leaves regret, very sincere and deep, behind her, and a very large circle of friends mourn her death.

Miss Emily Cattanach goes on Saturday to Ottawa to visit Sir Louis and Lady Davies.

Mrs. Russel Hale of Quebec is visiting Mrs. Montizambert.

Miss Josie Monahan, who has been on a long visit to Quebec, the guest of Miss E. E. Vanture and others, returned home last week quite in love with the French society of the Ancient City.

Miss Edith Jarvis has gone to visit her sister, Mrs. Willie Hope, in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow are going abroad next month. Miss Hugo is to be of their party.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones sail next week for Europe, where they will travel during the summer, visiting Moscow and St. Petersburg.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 401 Yonge street, when Miss Ella A. Adams, daughter of Mrs. S. J. Adams, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles W. Sheridan by Rev. William Patterson of Cook's church. The bride looked charming, attired in French muslin, and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Maggie Love, as bridesmaid, was also becomingly gowned. Mr. A. D. Fisher was groomsman. After partaking of the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for their bridal tour amid showers of rice and good wishes.

The Horticultural Society.

THE attention of the citizens of Toronto is directed to the efforts put forth by the members of the Toronto Horticultural Society to encourage the taste for planting trees, shrubs, flowers, the care of lawns and house plants, and in every way to teach and aid in the diffusion of knowledge on horticultural matters. The Society exists for this purpose alone, pure and simple, and it is very gratifying to the officers to see the large attendance at the regular monthly meetings.

It is proposed by the Society to present a thousand plants to be distributed amongst the schoolchildren of the public schools, so many for each school, the plants to be grown by the children and exhibited at the Chrysanthemum Show in the fall, when suitable prizes will be given to the best grown. The scheme is now being elaborated by a committee appointed for the purpose, and it is hoped that it will prove a great object lesson to the children in instilling information as to growing plants. It is needless to say that there is the hearty endorsement of the Inspector, Mr. J. L. Hughes.

It is also proposed by the Society to initiate a movement looking to the establishment of a botanical garden in our midst. With this object in view, the principals of all the colleges are invited to co-operate, as well as the superintendents of the various parks and government institutions, so that any future planting required may be done in this direction.

In addition to these admirable schemes, at each meeting of the Society, papers are read by experts in their various lines, and practical exhibitions of potting and filling boxes and hanging-baskets are given; and questions are promptly answered on

who, considering all seasons alike, continue the business of society without a break, from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday. The season's brides cannot afford to sit idle at home, or kneel demurely and pronounce themselves miserable sinners during the afternoon hours, with some hundreds of calls unpaid and summer not so far away. So many are going abroad this summer, so many will revel in sylvan resorts, while a few will loll in the hammock in the back garden and listen to the door-bell ring, while would-be callers perspire and are profane on the doorstep, that it behoves the brides to lose time in returning their calls. And these raw, abominable March-in-April days have seen the sweet, pretty brides here, there and everywhere, with their spic and span finery, card-case in hand, calling, calling, calling!

The Count and Countess D'Ivry are accumulating quite a stock of police-court experience of late. I see two simultaneous announcements in the Montreal *Sunday Sun* to the effect that the Count has been fined, thirty dollars and costs, twenty dollars and costs, and half a dollar and costs, for raising a disturbance in a Montreal theater, breaking an orchestra-chair and almost biting off the thumb of a night watchman who assisted a special policeman to eject the noble Frenchman, and that the Countess has succeeded in getting five hundred dollars from the *World*, the appeal having been dismissed. As a matter of curiosity I should like to know how the accounts of the noble pair balance when the two police court experiences are paid in full. The Count went to Europe in February, says the *Sun*, and has not yet returned, and the court ordered a forfeiture of the bonds given for his appearance.

Mrs. Anderson of Elyria, Ohio, is visiting at her former home, 147 Shuter street.

The death of Mrs. Hoskins on Sunday was a great shock and sincere grief to many persons in Toronto who loved and respected the bright, clever and charming little lady. To her relatives, particularly her son and daughter, so well known and liked in social circles, sincerest sympathy is extended on all sides. The dainty figure of Mrs. Hoskins, her clever wit, keen insight and bright manner will long be missed from the society she so thoroughly adorned.

Another sad occurrence this penitential time was the death of Mrs. Robert Bethune of College street, for so many years a prominent member of Toronto society and noted for her kind and capable interest in all good works. Mrs. Bethune leaves regret, very sincere and deep, behind her, and a very large circle of friends mourn her death.

Miss Emily Cattanach goes on Saturday to Ottawa to visit Sir Louis and Lady Davies.

Mrs. Russel Hale of Quebec is visiting Mrs. Montizambert.

Miss Josie Monahan, who has been on a long visit to Quebec, the guest of Miss E. E. Vanture and others, returned home last week quite in love with the French society of the Ancient City.

Miss Edith Jarvis has gone to visit her sister, Mrs. Willie Hope, in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow are going abroad next month. Miss Hugo is to be of their party.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones sail next week for Europe, where they will travel during the summer, visiting Moscow and St. Petersburg.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 401 Yonge street, when Miss Ella A. Adams, daughter of Mrs. S. J. Adams, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles W. Sheridan by Rev. William Patterson of Cook's church. The bride looked charming, attired in French muslin, and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Maggie Love, as bridesmaid, was also becomingly gowned. Mr. A. D. Fisher was groomsman. After partaking of the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for their bridal tour amid showers of rice and good wishes.

The Horticultural Society.

THE attention of the citizens of Toronto is directed to the efforts put forth by the members of the Toronto Horticultural Society to encourage the taste for planting trees, shrubs, flowers, the care of lawns and house plants, and in every way to teach and aid in the diffusion of knowledge on horticultural matters. The Society exists for this purpose alone, pure and simple, and it is very gratifying to the officers to see the large attendance at the regular monthly meetings.

It is proposed by the Society to present a thousand plants to be distributed amongst the schoolchildren of the public schools, so many for each school, the plants to be grown by the children and exhibited at the Chrysanthemum Show in the fall, when suitable prizes will be given to the best grown. The scheme is now being elaborated by a committee appointed for the purpose, and it is hoped that it will prove a great object lesson to the children in instilling information as to growing plants. It is needless to say that there is the hearty endorsement of the Inspector, Mr. J. L. Hughes.

It is also proposed by the Society to initiate a movement looking to the establishment of a botanical garden in our midst. With this object in view, the principals of all the colleges are invited to co-operate, as well as the superintendents of the various parks and government institutions, so that any future planting required may be done in this direction.

In addition to these admirable schemes, at each meeting of the Society, papers are read by experts in their various lines, and practical exhibitions of potting and filling boxes and hanging-baskets are given; and questions are promptly answered on

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

NASMITH'S

CHOCOLATE
BON-BONS

Name on Every Piece

A sample package per mail, 10c. Mailed or expresssed to any part of Canada, 60c. per lb.

The NASMITH CO., Limited - Toronto

Our Spring Display
OF...High-Class
Dry Goods

Is now at the climax of its excellence for this season. No effort has been spared to gather together the finest aggregation of warrantable goods at close prices ever shown in Canada. Extra preparations are now being made for the reception of a ship

Special
Easter Novelties

expected soon, which will contain some very late ideas, specially in Millinery and Mantles, worth waiting for, as they will represent the very last possible touch obtainable from the headquarters of style for the world.

MAIL ORDERS are given thorough and careful attention.

JOHN CATTO & SON
KING STREET
Opposite the Post Office - TORONTOINVITATION
CARDS & & &

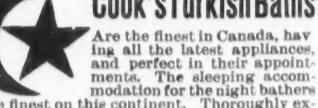
AT HOME
AFTERNOON TEA
DINNER
&c., &c., &c.
For prices get our Handbook of Styles and Prices. Free on application.
Bain Book Co., 53 King East, Toronto

TIDY The Florist
has the finest line of Roses, Carnations, Lilies-of-the-Valley, Violets, Easter Lilies, and all other seasonal flowers in Canada for the EASTER TRADE. Out of town orders carefully packed in wooden boxes and safe arrival guaranteed.

Our King Street Conservatory will be crowded with Easter Lilies, Azaleas, Palms and Ferns.

ORDER EARLY.

Store & Conservatory, 75 King St. West



Are the finest in Canada, having all the latest appliances, and perfect in their appointments. The sleeping accommodation for the night bathers is the finest on this continent. Thoroughly experienced attendants, especially prepared Masseur, Masseuse and Chiropodist always in attendance.

204 King St. West. Phone 1240. T. T. COOK, Prop. Late Prop. Montreal Turkish Baths.

GEO. W. COOLEY

Wines and Whiskies

FOR
Medicinal Use

627 YONGE STREET
TELEPHONE 3089

Eggs for Easter

An interesting display of Easter Eggs in Chocolate, Nougat and Sugar also. Fancy baskets and novelties, suitable for Easter gifts.

GEO. S. MC CONKEY

Caterer and Manufacturing Confectioner

27 & 29 King St. W.

any horticultural subject. There are also exhibitions of flowers in season.

The Society meets the first Tuesday in each month in St. George's Hall, and the public are always cordially invited. If you have missed the April meeting, make a memo that will remind you of the one in May. A prospectus of the Society will be mailed to any address on application to the president, Mr. J. McP. Ross, 464 Queen street east, or to the secretary-treasurer, Mr. C. E. Chambers, City Hall.

Pete—Jim, do you know the height of impudence? Jim—I don't know the interpretation of the word impudence. Pete—Well, it is taking shelter in an umbrella shop during a thunderstorm.

The absolute standard of Purity, as well as quality, is strictly maintained in everything that bears the name of or comes from Nasmith's.

are made of absolutely pure ingredients. The flavors are rich, strong, true to nature.

All you have to do when you want a table jelly in a hurry for dessert is to drop one tablet into hot water—stir—set away to cool.

Almost—if not quite "quick as a wink." Progressive grocers sell them.

Jelly

"Quick as a Wink"

Lazenby's Jelly Tablets

are made of absolutely pure ingredients. The flavors are rich, strong, true to nature.

All you have to do when you want a table jelly in a hurry for dessert is to drop one tablet into hot water—stir—set away to cool.

Almost—if not quite "quick as a wink." Progressive grocers sell them.

Carleton...
Opera Company

TORONTO, March 31st, 1898.
MESSRS. HOOPER & CO.

GENTLEMEN.—I desire to express my high opinion of the efficacy of your **Linen**, **Linoleum** and **Corduroy** **Tablets**.

I consider them the most effective remedy I have used in many years, both for allaying irritation of the mucous membrane and bronchial tubes, and also as a stimulant and tonic to the veins, etc. I am sure the speakers they are more than valuable, and far superior to many troches which have possibly a reputation, but, certainly lack the immediate effect given by your tablets. You are at liberty to make any use of this note which you may deem desirable, as I am really grateful for the benefit I have received from using the two boxes I purchased of you.

Yours truly,
W. T. CARLETON.

Price 15c. per Box

Put up and sold only by...

HOOPER & CO.

43 & 45 King St. West

Phone 536 TORONTO'S OLDEST DRUG HOUSE

Why Not
Be ?
Sure?

It means money in your pocket to buy Kemp's

enamelled ware. Each piece is guaranteed.

They cost no more, but last longer—that's why it pays to look for these labels when buying.

Kemp Mfg. Co.

Toronto

Granite
Diamond

ALWAYS ready to pin on, beautifully light and pretty. Do not be old-fashioned; change the style of wearing the hair.

ARMAND'S LATEST POMPONADE styles of Bangs, the prettiest, easiest and most natural, looking front coiffure, made to suit different faces.

Give your own hair a new and get one of Armand's Pompadour Bangs. See our latest Pin Curls for Pompadour.

All up-to-date ladies patronise Armand's Hair Dressing Parlors. Best appointed parlors in Toronto, all separate.

Face Massage and Steaming Treatment, best methods. Manicure Parlors. Latest styles of Side and Back Combs.

Tel. 248

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

441 Yonge, cor. Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

MY LADY'S FACE

THE MAN FROM ROME.

BY MAX PEMBERTON,

Author of "Christine of the Hills," "A Puritan's Wife," "The Iron Pirate," &c.

(Copyrighted, 1898, by Max Pemberton.)

OUR balconies lay as close together as two peas in a pod. I used to tell myself sometimes that it would be the easiest thing in the world to step across the intervening balustrade of marble and sit at the feet of Bianca. But then—I did not know her, and even in Italy there is a law which sanctifies other people's balconies.

I did not know Bianca, certainly; she was an utter stranger to me. It is true that there were days when we sat long, interchanging those fugitive messages which only a great sympathy can compel the eyes to speak. Then I would say as plainly as possible, "You are a pretty child, worthy of this Venice which gave you birth." She in turn would drop the needles from her hands to answer mutely, "I am perfectly aware of that, but we are strangers." At other times she would turn her back upon the house of Caldogni where I lodged, and never once the long day through remember that an Englishman had come to the Rio di San Lorenzo. Those were the moments when I decided that Bianca's hair was red and that her age was twenty.

I had been in Venice a month, sent there by a far-seeing editor in London to describe for him the precise circumstances under which Orso Cicogna, the tool of Crispini, was to be assassinated by the workmen of the Arsenal. The errand was not a little remarkable, inasmuch as Orso was still alive and very active in reforming those abuses which Rome declared were spoiling the four thousand five hundred workmen in the ship-building yards. But we knew that such a state of things could not last. Your Italian laborer accepts no mean in politics. If he be in accord with you, he will rend the air with vivas. If he differs from you, there is the stiletto. In this case his difference of opinion with the agent of the Government was so pronounced that it did not require a deep prophetic insight to foretell the result. We were sorry for Orso—that was all. We had his obituary notices ready, so to speak; and I was sent to Venice to round off the corners, being reminded by my editor that time is money.

This is a sentiment which has always seemed to me wrong to the point of exasperation. Time which is money is no time at all. Sitting upon my balcony, with Bianca's dark eyes flashing upon me ever and anon like a welcome search-light from the sea, I found it an absurd conclusion. And, after all, I could not hasten things at the Arsenal. Impossible for me to urge upon the four thousand five hundred malcontents the necessity of despatching their enemy quickly in order that I might finish my article and return to London; futile to assure my chief in answer to his repeated question, What are you doing? that I was sitting at the feet of Bianca. Love's labor lost can be of no possible interest to your news editor—unless it be lost in the Divorce Court.

Bianca used to come out on her balcony at ten o'clock in the morning. I do not care to be forestalled by a woman; and for that reason alone was ever at my own window at a quarter before the hour. A mere observer might have thought our mute courtesies ridiculous. She with her knitting, I with my books and letters—we bowed gravely and took our places. Had Bianca chosen the evening hour for so pleasant an occupation, it is possible that we should have bridged the distance between the balconies more swiftly. As it was, I waited a month for the occasion, and owed it at last to the wind; to a life-giving sweet breeze of spring, making little waves lap against the riva of the house, casting blossoms from the gardens upon the pure air, above all blowing a paper from the hand of Bianca straight upon my balcony. Admirable wind. We were discussing the world and each other before the minute-hand upon my watch had come around again.

"A hundred thanks, Signore."

"Per nulla. I thank the breeze, Signorina."

"You are staying long in Venice, Signore?"

I drew my chair to the balustrade and leaned upon it.

"As long as my friends, new and old, remain here, Signorina."

"You love my city!"

"Oh, Signorina, can you ask me that—when I am talking to you?"

She blushed deeply, the color showing even under her rich dark skin. In that moment I altered my opinion about Bianca's hair. It was not red, but auburn. And her age could not have been more than eighteen.

"Love Venice!" I continued presently, seeing that she had no word of answer to my compliment. "Is not that to love all the color of life, to know all the joy of life, to be carried out of the world to the islands of rest? Indeed, I love Venice beyond any city I have seen, and could be very content, Signorina, to live and die here."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"You think so now," she said, "but wait a month, a year. The color you speak of will be faded then; the sirocco will blow, you will be like a caged bird that would lift its wings and fly across the waters. I am in Venice always, and I know. My life is all rest, and I hear nothing but the bells and the sound of the waters. I have no mother, Signorina."

She spoke pathetically, looking dreamily away to the old bridge and the green garden beyond. The role of comforter is pleasing to a man; the word of sympathy is to be found.

"Nevertheless," said I, "there must be many in the city to love, Bianca."

She laughed, tossing her curly hair back upon her pretty shoulders.

"Indeed," she said, "there is only my

arms about his neck, and exclaimed upon that restricting custom which denies a similar greeting to mere friendship. It would be sweet, I thought, to hold Bianca as old Silvestro then held her. And I was sure that she could not be sixteen years old.

There was but one lamp upon the supper-table at which father and daughter sat, and it was shaded. None the less it enabled me to observe closely the features of the shipbuilder for whom Venice had so great a love. A man who had attained the allotted span, I said to myself; a man with a white beard so long that it covered his vest as he sat; a man of rugged force, of face slightly Greek in mould, yet feminine in the kindness of the eye. A silent man, too, answering Bianca's chatter with monosyllables; a man upon whom the cares of life pressed heavily so that he ate with no appetite, but when he had tasted of the dishes set lovingly before him, came upon his balcony to drink a glass of red wine and to smoke the cursed cheroot which Austria still sends to Venice. It was then that Bianca presented me to him—with a pretty childish formality which made us friends at once.

"Signore, here is my father; he can answer all your questions. Father, here is my English friend."

The old man laughed, but I saw that his eyes were reading me closely. I was glad that pretty Bianca introduced me as her friend, and I hastened to speak to old Silvestro of my business.

"I am correspondent of an English newspaper," said I, "and I came to Venice to learn all about the troubles at the Arsenal. It seems that good fortune has made me the neighbor of one who is the best of authorities. It is not necessary to come to Venice to know the fame of Silvestro Celsi, Signore."

He laughed again, silencing me with a gesture of the hand.

"Truly," he exclaimed, "it was not necessary to come to Venice to understand our trouble at the Arsenal. Have you not heard what cruel things he has done at the Arsenal? My father cannot sleep at night for thinking of them. He fears that the workmen will lose patience and kill the man who has brought such trouble upon them. Why do you wish for news of him?"

I turned the question as adroitly as possible.

"Your father's sympathies are with the men, Signorina?"

"How could they be otherwise, Signore? Is he not their best friend? For thirty years now they have called him father. Will he cease to befriend them at the word of a stranger? Do not think that, though he lose all else in the world, it will not be the affection of his children."

"Then he does not love the man from Rome?"

Her dark eyes flashed at the suggestion. I said to myself that if the fate of Orso Cicogna lay in her hands a few hours would carry me out of Venice.

"Love him—Holy Virgin, what a thought! Yet what can he do? He is the servant of the Government and must obey. All day long he asks the men to be patient, and they listen to him. Oh, Signore, if Orso Cicogna is killed, my father will be ruined, and we shall live in Venice no more."

There were tears of affection and pity in her eyes. It was sweet employment to comfort her—then, and later in the day, when returning from my habitual quest of news, I found her at sunset still upon the balcony. Admirable wind of night! It played gently with the curls of Bianca, tossing them about in its embrace until they seemed to touch my face like rain of silken threads. No longer did the balustrade thrust carved obstacles between us. She, on her side, resting her pretty arms upon the timeworn marble, I, on mine, bending down so that my lips could almost brush her ears, made that swift sudden friendship, possible only in a land where sunshine is in the heart of the people and love in their eyes. Pretty Bianca! I said then that her hair was of the purest gold, that her hand was the softest in all Italy.

"Your father has not returned, little one?"

She shook her head.

"He is very late to-night," she said; "sunset should bring him back to me. Nina set supper an hour ago, and yet he has not come. I fear to think about it, Signore; I fear to ask myself what has kept him."

I took her hand in mine and laughed at her foreboding.

"What could keep him but the business of the day? Was not I at the Arsenal an hour ago to learn that all was well? It is the night which makes you fear, little one. I know the feeling well—a gray light above. That is the time for dreaming of misfortunes which never happen. To-morrow when the sun shines you will forget it all. Let us talk of other things—of our friendship. You will remember that, Bianca!"

She answered me prettily, letting her hand rest in mine and forgetting to draw back her face even when my lips touched the curls of her golden hair.

"I could not forget that," she said; "you will be the friend of my father also, Signore! There is no one in Venice who does not love my father; there is no one so clever as he. All the great ships which sail out of Venice are his work. He is stronger than the King, for he has made his country great."

I had not the heart to rebuke her child-like idea of Italy with a word of naked truth; and, for the matter of that, the cleverness of old Silvestro, who was one of the constructors at the Arsenal, was proverbial among those who build ships.

"Indeed," said I, "it will be a great honor and privilege to know your father. If I mistake not, yonder is his gondola. I heard the splash of an oar some minutes ago."

It was full dark now, but the light from the windows of the canal enabled us to distinguish the black shape of a gondola shooting to the steps of Silvestro's house. Little Bianca gave a cry of joy when she saw it, and ran instantly to the room to welcome her father. I saw her cast her

arms about his neck, and exclaimed upon that restricting custom which denies a similar greeting to mere friendship. It would be sweet, I thought, to hold Bianca as old Silvestro then held her. And I was sure that she could not be sixteen years old.

She tossed her hair—it was auburn hair this morning—back upon her pretty shoulders.

"My father's house is a sanctuary," she said proudly. "Signor Orso will be as safe here as in his palace at Rome."

"Let us trust so," I replied dubiously, "if only for your father's sake."

"Oh, indeed, for his sake I wish it," she exclaimed, and I saw that tears misted her eyes again. "He has not slept for three days, Signore; he left the house this morning without a word to me."

The sunlight falling generously upon the canal forbade that I should comfort her then. It was not until the man from Rome had come to her house and was held in talk by her father that she ventured again upon the balcony, and sat by me to tell me of the day's work. And while she talked I could see the others; the old shipbuilder, worn and anxious and heavy-eyed; the young man whom Crispini had sent, pale and nervous, and apprehensive even in the sanctuary of Silvestro's house.

Three years he had lived, I judged—a weak man strong in another's authority. Nor could I help but ask myself if he would ever leave Venice alive. Had not a thousand men sworn to kill him? Your Venetian does not forget an oath like this.

It was a callous view, but I began to regard this man as a harridan.

There was something almost stimulating in the idea that, at many a dark place, men watched, dagger in hand, to reckon with the enemy. To-day, to-morrow—would Orso Cicogna be alive then? And was old Silvestro honest in his desire to protect him? I had doubts even of that.

"I will save my people," the shipbuilder had said to me. But how were they to be saved while the man from Rome lived among them? That he would go I never believed. His great square chin and bony temples forbade the assumption. To intellectual blindness he added a determination born of ignorance. I was sure that he would remain in the city; I was equally sure that he would die there.

It may be that in this assumption there was the keen anticipation of the journalist who has heard the view halloo. Certainly, Orso Cicogna seemed secure from danger so long as he was under old Silvestro's roof. Cowed by the moment for the attack already made upon him, he never left the house for three days; and when again he went to the Arsenal, the police boat carried him there. For my part, I did not care how long the comedy or tragedy might last. Was there not little Bianca and the moonlight upon the water and the admirable wind to toss her curls against my cheeks? And what matter if the future were dark? There were moments when I said that I would dare even to carry this bewitching little Italian girl back to England as my wife. I made mention of her in letters to my friends; began to reckon up the possibilities and the problems of housekeeping—I who had never lived in a house when an hotel was to be found, or lingered in any city a day longer than the employment of the hour demanded. That she would return with me, I was sure. Though she protested that she would never leave her father, there was love in the protest. And the message of her eyes, spoken again and again upon the balcony, needed no dictionary to translate. She trembled when my lips touched hers—she lay still as a frightened thing when I held her in my arms.

A week passed in this pleasure of love and doubt. I began to think that I must speak plainly to old Celsi—to whom I had never lived in a house when an hotel was to be found, or lingered in any city a day longer than the employment of the hour demanded. That she would return with me, I was sure. Though she protested that she would never leave her father, there was love in the protest. And the message of her eyes, spoken again and again upon the balcony, needed no dictionary to translate. She trembled when my lips touched hers—she lay still as a frightened thing when I held her in my arms.

It was plain to me that he did not wish to continue the discussion, and I turned to other subjects, sitting with him until the moonlight shone white and glorious upon the canal, and all the palaces were as temples of silver and of jewels. I found, to my pleasure, that he was ready to encourage my friendship for little Bianca, seeming content indeed that she should make a friend after the custom of the English, for whom he had so great a regard. It was pathetic to witness his affection for the child, his fear that the day would come when she would lack the love he gave to her so generously.

"She has no one else," he would say, "and I am an old man. Age is very cruel, Signore, when it is linked to youth in the bonds of a father's love."

It was midnight when we left the balconies, and twelve hours passed before I saw little Bianca again. A long letter to London upon the business of the Arsenal kept me at my desk almost until daybreak. Thereafter, I slept heavily until the musical bells of the city were tolling the Angelus. A little to my chagrin, Bianca was not at her window when I opened mine as usual; but when I had read through my papers and letters, she came tripping to the balustrade and blurted out her news.

"He is coming here to-day—to-night," she cried gladly.

"You mean the man from Rome?"

"Who else should come? Have you not heard? They tried to kill him yesterday when he was leaving the Arsenal. My father says that there is only one house in Venice which can shelter him. And so he is coming here."

"You think he will be safe at the Palazzo Celsi?"—that was the name of

Prescribed and approved by all the medical authorities for CONSTIPATION, DYSPESIA, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, HEMORRHOIDS, as well as for all kindred ailments resulting from indiscretion in diet.

"It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition."

"The prototype of all Bitter Waters."

"Absolutely constant in composition."

"ORDINARY DOSE: ONE WINEGLASSFUL. REPORT BREAKFAST."

CAUTION: See that the label bears the signature of the firm Andreas Saxlehner.

A Deliciously Drawing, Honest Cup of Tea

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

It took the lead from the moment of its introduction, and still maintains it. Sealed lead packets only. By grocers everywhere. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c.

sunshine since the dawn, a day full of the glory of an Italian spring. You heard the barcarolla's love-songs from many a dark bower; the wind which had fallen forward upon the breast would never again be raised. The Man from Rome was dead, and the stiletto with which he had stabbed him was still in his body. For some instants I stood, almost blinded by the sight of the grim figure, still and white and rigid in death. There was no sound in all the Palazzo Celsi to stir my feet or break the spell. I heard the waters lapping outside, the distant cry of a boatman, the music of a voice; but in that room Death reigned and no voice answered. And then I recalled the words of old Silvestro, "I will save my people. And I thought that he had kept his promise.

The clock struck a quarter past eight and still old Silvestro did not come. Twice I went out upon my balcony to peer into his room; but neither he nor Bianca was there. Orso, the man from Rome, appeared to be the only occupant of the chamber. He was writing at a table when first I saw him; he was still writing when the clock struck a quarter past the hour. Had he not been a stranger to me, I might have spoken a word through the window to ask of his host and of Bianca. As it was, I began to think the whole circumstance one of the strangest I had known. Here was dinner ready to be served, Ottone ready to serve it, the candles lighted, the flasks uncorked—yet of those for whom all this was done there was no sign.

I asked myself if they played some jest; I said that Bianca would come running up the stairs presently, breathless and panting apologies. The clock struck nine and still my dinner waited.

The last note of the bell had scarce gone echoing over the water when I called to Ottone, meaning to send him, for the second time, across to old Celsi's house. It was evident now that something had happened. The fact of the man Orso writing diligently at the table perplexed me. But this perplexity was as nothing to the strange suspicion and dread which possessed me when, upon calling for my servant, I had no answer. The man had vanished as mysteriously as Bianca and her father. Though the stairs echoed my summons, echo was the only answer vouchsafed to me. I was alone with the candles and the flowers and the gaudy draperies of the feast.

The last note of the bell had scarce gone echoing over the water when I called to Ottone, meaning to send him, for the second time, across to old Celsi's house. It was evident now that something had happened. The fact of the man Orso writing diligently at the table perplexed me. But this perplexity was as nothing to the strange suspicion and dread which possessed me when, upon calling for my servant, I had no answer. The man had vanished as mysteriously as Bianca and her father. Though the stairs echoed my summons, echo was the only answer vouchsafed to me. I was alone with the candles and the flowers and the gaudy draperies of the feast.

There are some situations in life, situations of danger or of peril, which a man refuses to take seriously. I have known one or two in the course of a changing career, but none which seemed to me, at first thought, so ridiculous as the one I faced that night in Venice.

Convinced, on reflection, that little Bianca had contrived a jest, and having the poorest appreciation of its excellence, I determined to go myself into her house and to seek for her. I thought it strange no longer that the Man from Rome should be writing at his table. That was a part of their plot. I said that little Bianca was watching me when I entered the great room and walked across it to speak to him whose name was then upon every tongue in Venice. I could hear, in fancy, her sweet laughter when, standing a little way from the man's chair, I spoke to him once.

I say once—for, in truth, I had scarcely spoken the word of greeting when it changed upon my lips to an exclamation of woe and horror. In that moment I saw that Orso Cicogna had written his last letter; the hand which held the pen in dreadful derision was stiff and powerless; the eyes

UP-TO-DATE...
Pianos

Some musical instruments—a good violin for instance—improve with age and use. A

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Like Sunshine



The melody of stringed instruments rippled across the cool, sweet harmony of a piano. In the "BELL" Piano with the

Orchestral Attachment

any player can obtain these beautiful effects. You can imitate sixteen stringed instruments, among them harp, banjo, mandolin, guitar, etc., without at all disturbing the resonance, touch or action of the piano. You can also use the keyboard of the piano as a silent Practice Clavier with precisely the same touch and weight of action that the piano has when regularly played.

THE END.

AN UP TO DATE PATIENT. A STORY OF A Nurse by L. T. MEADE, will be published in this paper next week.

From Pain to Health.

The Remarkable Case of John Henderson of Deseronto Junction.

Almost Helpless From Sciatic Rheumatism, the Effects of Which Shattered His Constitution—He Thought Death Not Far Off When Friendly Aid Placed Within His Reach the Means of Recovery. From the Deseronto Tribune.

It will be remembered that during the past winter reference was several times made in the "Personal" column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel road, Township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that but very little hope was entertained of his recovery, as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated.

Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence, the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy, who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Nanapace. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or he would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock, the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up at the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to move about a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the Tribune, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and volunteered to send for a quantity if Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box, but with little discernible effect. He, however, kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes, found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily, the pain disappeared, he regained strength, and, as he expressed it, "I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson appeared a strong, vigorous man, whom to see was sufficient proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs are extremely frequent in this climate, and the danger lies in the opinion too often entertained that they will wear themselves out. That they do not and that hundreds are being hurried in consequence to untimely graves is one of the most patent facts of our existence. The only rational treatment is to employ Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, a preparation of inestimable value in all pulmonary complaints. In addition to supplying the oil in a form in which it can be easily assimilated and without disturbing the stomach, it represents the nutritive properties of wheat, oats and barley, and is therefore a reconstructive and tissue former of eminent value. Not less important is the action of maltine on starchy foods. These are rendered digestible and capable of replacing the wastes of the body. This is Nature's own method. Try Maltine with Cod Liver Oil.

mise to his children and that Venice would see him no more.

It is a year ago now since I saw Bianca Celsi. I do to say that the events of the terrible night had been blotted from my mind or that I did not think often with feelings of a deep and lasting affection of the little Italian girl whose love I had won during those happy weeks in Venice. But I had no thought of Bianca that night in March when, chancing to pass the gaunt Italian church in Hatton Garden, I felt a hand upon my shoulder and turned around to see an ill-dressed pitiful creature regarding me with wistful eyes.

"You forget me, Signore," she cried, in broken English. "Oh, but I shall remember always. Do not turn from me—we are not what you think—it was another who killed Orso Cicogna."

"Another!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, "your servant Ottone—he had a brother at the Arsenal. We did not know then—but now, God pity us, it is too late."

The woman, for such Bianca had become, released my arm and darted across the street. The dim light of evening soon hid her from my sight, but not before I had seen her take the hand of an old man who waited for her, and lead him into the shadows.

As the woman went I shuddered to think that I had once held her in my arms.

THE END.

AN UP TO DATE PATIENT. A STORY OF A Nurse by L. T. MEADE, will be published in this paper next week.

A Person and a Picture.

The Century.

THE field was yellow and brown; behind the stone wall was another field full of blackberries and sweet fern, and then came black pines and a blue sky.

I had come out to watch Louis Riel paint a picture. Louis, as you know, is a very great artist, who is asked to decorate libraries, go to dinners, and all that; and it is considered no end of a fine thing to be allowed to see him paint. But why he wished to paint the things I have described puzzled me, and I said so.

"To begin with," said Louis, "the subject is absolutely nothing; and secondly, I can make anything out of nothing" (Louis values himself); "and in the third place, when a man lives by doing certain things, he must do those things when he receives a remunerative offer from somebody else."

"To be sure," said I; "but who in goodness wants a picture of two ugly fields and some ugly pine-trees?"

"That is a question I decline to answer," said Louis; "but I will tell you why the person wants the picture."

"Go ahead," said I; "will the person be same?"

"The person," said Louis, "is a particular friend of mine. Do you mind picking up that brush? I can't bend over without upsetting things. Thanks. Well, the person is a very particular friend of mine—"

"As you were saying," said I.

"Do you care to hear the story?" said Louis.

"How long is it?" I asked.

"Because, whether you want to hear it or not, I'm going to tell it to you for the mere pleasure of hearing myself talk."

"Oh, very well," said I, lying back comfortably in the grass.

"You must listen, though," said Louis, "because it's a very sentimental story."

"It began about ten years ago to-day. It was in the afternoon—the person, my friend, said it was in the afternoon—that he first came to this field. He never told me why he came, and it doesn't make any difference, but he came; and he sat on that stone wall—just the part I'm doing now; and while he sat on the stone wall a girl came into the next field to pick blackberries."

"A girl," said I; "think of it!"

"She was a very pretty girl," continued Louis, "because the person is one of the best judges in the world, and he told me so. She was just eighteen."

"How old was the person?" I asked.

"Fifty!"

"The person was just twenty-two."

"And you're thirty-two—and it was ten years ago. Go on."

Louis paid no attention.

"The person," said he, "talked with the girl, and helped her pick blackberries."

"Most improper," said I. "Who was the girl?"

"She was a farmer's daughter, and she taught school in winter—"

"And talked with anybody that came along," said I.

"The person was very good-looking," said Louis, squeezing out some ultramarine.

"Go on," said I.

"And he came to the field every day till the end of his vacation."

"Did the blackberries last?" I asked.

"There were many blackberries," said Louis; "and when the person left there were still a few on the vines."

"Tell me more about before the person left."

"The person was very young and foolish; in fact—"

"He asked her to marry him?"

"He asked her to marry him."

"And she said she would?"

"Yes, she said she would; but she said he must wait a year to see if he still cared about her."

"The results of higher education," said I. Louis shrugged his shoulders, pityingly.

"Was the person allowed to see her during the year?" I asked.

"No, he was not; and he was to write only at the very end of it."

"Sensible girl! I have money that says never wrote."

"It's mine, then, because he did."

"Well, what happened?"

"She didn't answer."

"The person was playing in great luck," said I.

"The person came down by the first train, and they told him that the girl and her family had gone away to visit an aunt, or something; and as they didn't know where the aunt lived, the person couldn't follow."

"Well?" I asked.

"The person went abroad with his family, and wrote several times, and got no answer; and that's all. Only he wants a picture of the place, and so I am painting it for him."

"The girl is probably married to some lusty farmer," said I.

"I think the girl is dead," said he.

Louis turned his head to one side, the better to see what he had done.

"She must have been very unhappy after the person left," said I. "What do you suppose she did?"

"I imagine she picked the rest of the blackberries."

"Of course," said I. "I'm going to sleep."

Louis went on painting, and I watched him between half-closed lids.

I saw him turn pale and drop his brush.

"What's the matter?" I asked hurriedly.

"Look! It's she!"

I raised myself till I could see over the stone wall. A woman was beginning to pick blackberries into a tin pail.

"How do you know it's she?" I asked.

"Of course not; but I think it is. I'm going to ask."

"Oh, you know her name?"

"Yes; the person told me."

Louis ran, and leaned over the stone wall.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "are you Mildred Bartlette?"

"Not any more," said the woman, and went on picking blackberries.

Louis came and stood before his picture, and he looked from it to the sky.

"I think the light is not very good," said he; "let's push along."

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Are you going to finish the picture?" I asked.

"I think I shall not finish it," said he.

"But the person who ordered it?" I objected.

"He is a very particular friend of mine, and if I tell him he doesn't want it, why, he will understand that I mean it for his good."

"Yes," said I; "what's the use of roses and lavender?"

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Do you suppose the woman is still picking blackberries?" I asked.

"She was when I last saw her," said Louis; "but I'm very sure he spoke without thinking."

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, JR.

I.

If I were rich, to Klondike I would go,

I'd buy a wheel and ride there on the snow.

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would buy

A mansion fair; each turrell I should gild—

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

Should gild it o'er with glist'ning gold, I found

Before me lying on the pregnant ground.

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

And with my little love from lands afar,

In peace I'd lie beneath the northern star.

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich! Ah, me! What would we do?

My little love and I beneath the blue,

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

Farewell, fond hopes—farewell, fond youthful dreams.

My little love and I must part, it seems.

If I were rich—were rich. But, no!

Fate, cruel Fate, demands it so!

Toronto, April 9, 1898. W. E. DVER.

Many Were Great, But None Happy.

History gives sixty-eight sentimental surnames to Emperors and Kings whom it chronicles. For instance: Charles VIII. of France had the alias appellation of "the affable"; Philippe I. of France, of "the amorous"; Alphonse XI. of Leon and Castile, "the avenger"; Victor Emmanuel, "regalantomo," etc., etc. Many potentates are ranked by history under the same alias. Eight are "good" forty-one are "great," seven are "conquerors," two "cruel," two "fair," and four "fat." But none is surnamed "the happy."

Roast Pigs on a Grave.

Calcutta Englishman.

A sensational day among Chinamen in

Calcutta was the anniversary of the death

of one of their high priests who died and

was buried many years ago at Atchipur, one of the Hugli River stations. About</

THE MAN FROM ROME.

BY MAX PEMBERTON,

Author of "Christine of the Hills," "A Puritan's Wife," "The Iron Pirate," &c.

(Copyrighted, 1898, by Max Pemberton.)

OUR balconies lay as close together as two peas in a pod. I used to tell myself sometimes that it would be the easiest thing in the world to step across the intervening balustrade of marble and to sit at the feet of Bianca. But then—I did not know her, and even in Italy there is a law which sanctifies other people's balconies. I did not know Bianca, certainly; she was an utter stranger to me. It is true that there were days when we sat long, interchanging those fugitive messages which only a great sympathy can compel the eyes to speak. Then I would say as plainly as possible, "You are a pretty child, worthy of this Venice which gave you birth." She in turn would drop the needles from her hands to answer mutely, "I am perfectly aware of that, but we are strangers." At other times she would turn her back upon the house of Caldogni where I lodged, and never once the long day through remember that an Englishman had come to the Rio do San Lorenzo. Those were the moments when I decided that Bianca's hair was red and that her age was twenty.

I had been in Venice a month, sent there by a far-seeing editor in London to describe for him the precise circumstances under which Orso Cicogna, the tool of Crispini, was to be assassinated by the workmen of the Arsenal. The errand was not a little remarkable, insomuch as Orso was still alive and very active in reforming those abuses which Rome declared were spoiling the four thousand five hundred workmen in the ship-building yards. But we knew that such a state of things could not last. Your Italian laborer accepts no mean in politics. If he be in accord with you, he will rend the air with vivas. If he differ from you, there is the stiletto. In this case his difference of opinion with the agent of the Government was so pronounced that it did not require a deep prophetic insight to foretell the result. We were sorry for Orso—that was all. We had his obituary notices ready, so to speak; and I was sent to Venice to round off the corners, being reminded by my editor that time is money.

This is a sentiment which has always seemed to me wrong to the point of exasperation. Time which is money is no time at all. Sitting upon my balcony, with Bianca's dark eyes flashing upon me ever and anon like a welcome search-light from the sea, I found it an absurd conclusion. And, after all, I could not hasten things at the Arsenal. Impossible for me to urge upon the four thousand five hundred malcontents the necessity of despatching their enemy quickly in order that I might finish my article and return to London; futile to assure my chief in answer to his repeated question, What are you doing? that I was sitting at the feet of Bianca. Love's labor lost can be of no possible interest to your news editor—unless it lost in the Divorce Court.

Bianca used to come out on her balcony at ten o'clock in the morning. I do not care to be forestalled by a woman; and for that reason alone was ever at my own window at a quarter before the hour. A mere observer might have thought our mute courtesies ridiculous. She with her knitting, I with my books and letters—we bowed gravely and took our places. Had Bianca chosen the evening hour for so pleasant an occupation, it is possible that we should have bridged the distance between the balconies more swiftly. As it was, I waited a month for the occasion, and owed it at last to the wind; to a life-giving sweet breeze of spring, making little waves lap against the riva of the house, casting blossoms from the gardens upon the pure air, above all blowing a paper from the hand of Bianca straight upon my balcony. Admirable wind. We were discussing the world and each other before the minute-hand upon my watch had come around again.

"A hundred thanks, Signore."

"Per nulla. I thank the breeze, Signorina."

"You are staying long in Venice, Signore?"

I drew my chair to the balustrade and leaned upon it.

"As long as my friends, new and old, remain here, Signorina."

"You love my city?"

"Oh, Signorina, can you ask me that—when I am talking to you?"

She blushed deeply, the color showing even under her rich dark skin. In that moment I altered my opinion about Bianca's hair. It was not red, but auburn. And her age could not have been more than eighteen.

"Love Venice!" I continued presently, seeing that she had no word of answer to my compliment. "Is not that to love all the color of life, to know all the joy of life, to be carried out of the world to the islands of rest? Indeed, I love Venice beyond any city I have seen, and could be very content, Signorina, to live and die here."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"You think so now," she said, "but wait a month, a year. The color you speak of will be faded then; the sirocco will blow; you will be like a caged bird that would lift its wings and fly across the waters. I am in Venice always, and I know. My life is all rest, and I hear nothing but the bells and the sound of the waters. I have no mother, Signor."

She spoke pathetically, looking dreamily away to the old bridge and the green garden beyond. The role of comforter is pleasing to a man; the word of sympathy is easy to be found.

"Nevertheless," said I, "there must be many in the city to love, Bianca."

She laughed, tossing her curls back upon her pretty shoulders.

"Indeed," she said, "there is only my

father, and he is at the Arsenal all day. You have heard of Silvestro Celsi, Signore? They call him Silvestro the Magnificent, and he is worthy of it. I have his love always—but he has no time except for his books and his papers. He goes with the sun and comes with the night. I sit here all day, and imagine what it must be to cross the mountains and see the world beyond. The house is my prison, and the old dame, Nina, is my jailer.

"For the moment," said I, anxious to console her; "but you are very young yet, and the day will come when your father will take you to see the world. Who knows, it may be this year, next year—he may bring you to Paris or to my own city, London—and then. You will remember my name if you come to London, Signorina!"

She looked up at me with her pretty eyes.

"I will never forget, yet how shall I believe what you say? Oh! it will not be this year, when all the day the laborers starve and my father weeps for them, and the man from Rome grows more cruel every day. You have heard of the man from Rome, Signor?"

"I am here to get news of him?"

She started at this, looking at me with a little suspicion. It occurred to me that the admirable wind had done me a second service. Perfectly possible now to write to my editor and to say, "I am sitting at the feet of Bianca hearing news of the man from Rome." And so I listened with ready ears when Bianca spoke again.

"Why should you interest yourself in Orso Cicogna?" she asked. "Have you not heard what cruel things he has done at the Arsenal? My father cannot sleep at night for thinking of them. He fears that the workmen will lose patience and kill the man who has brought such trouble upon them. Why do you wish for news of him?"

I turned the question as adroitly as possible.

"Your father's sympathies are with the men, Signorina?"

"How could they be otherwise, Signore? Is he not their best friend? For thirty years now they have called him father. Will he cease to befriend them at the word of a stranger? Do not think that. Though he loses all else in the world, it will not be the affection of his children."

"Then he does not love the man from Rome?"

Her dark eyes flashed at the suggestion. I said to myself that if the fate of Orso Cicogna lay in her hands a few hours would carry me out of Venice.

"Lovehim—Holy Virgin, what a thought! Yet what can he do? He is the servant of the Government and must obey. All day long he asks the men to be patient, and they listen to him. Oh, Signore, if Orso Cicogna is killed, my father will be ruined, and we shall live in Venice no more."

There were tears of affection and pity in her eyes. It was sweet employment to comfort her—then, and later in the day, when returning from my habitual quest of news, I found her at sunset still upon the balcony. Admirable wind of night! It played gently with the curls of Bianca, tossing them about in its embrace until they seemed to touch my face like rain of silk threads. No longer did the balustrade thrust carved obstacles between us. She, on her side, resting her pretty arms upon the time-worn marble, I, on mine, bending down so that my lips could almost brush her ears, made that swift sudden friendship, possible only in a land where sunshine is in the heart of the people and love in their eyes. Pretty Bianca! I said then that her hair was of the purest gold, that her hand was the softest in all Italy.

"Your father has not returned, little one?"

She shook her head.

"He is very late to-night," she said; "sunset should bring him back to me. Nina set supper an hour ago, and yet he has not come. I fear to think about it, Signore; I fear to ask myself what has kept him."

I took her hand in mine and laughed at her foreboding.

"What could keep him but the business of the day? Was not I at the Arsenal an hour ago to learn that all was well? It is the night which makes you fear, little one. I know the feeling well—a gray light upon the waters and a gray light above. That is the time for dreaming of misfortunes which never happen. To-morrow when the sun shines you will forget it all. Let us talk of other things—of our friendship. You will remember that, Bianca!"

She answered me prettily, letting her hand rest in mine and forgetting to draw back her face even when my lips touched the curls of her golden hair.

"I could not forget that," she said; "you will be the friend of my father also, Signore! There is no one in Venice who does not love my father; there is no one so clever as he. All the great ships which sail out of Venice are his work. He is stronger than the King, for he has made this country great."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"You think so now," she said, "but wait a month, a year. The color you speak of will be faded then; the sirocco will blow; you will be like a caged bird that would lift its wings and fly across the waters. I am in Venice always, and I know. My life is all rest, and I hear nothing but the bells and the sound of the waters. I have no mother, Signor."

She spoke pathetically, looking dreamily away to the old bridge and the green garden beyond. The role of comforter is pleasing to a man; the word of sympathy is easy to be found.

"Nevertheless," said I, "there must be many in the city to love, Bianca."

She laughed, tossing her curls back upon her pretty shoulders.

"Indeed," she said, "there is only my

arms about his neck, and exclaimed upon that restricting custom which denies a similar greeting to mere friendship. It would be sweet, I thought, to hold Bianca as old Silvestro then held her. And I was sure that she could not be sixteen years old.

There was but one lamp upon the super-table at which father and daughter sat, and it was shaded. None less it enabled me to observe closely the features of the shipbuilder for whom Venice had so great a love. A man who had attained the allotted span, I said to myself; a man with a white beard so long that it covered his vest as he sat; a man of rugged force, of face slightly Greek in mould, yet feminine in the kindness of the eye. A silent man, too, answering Bianca's chatter with monosyllables; a man upon whom the cares of life pressed heavily so that he ate with no appetite, but when he had tasted of the dishes set lovingly before him, came upon his balcony to drink a glass of red wine and to smoke the cursed cheroot which Austria still sends to Venice. It was then that Bianca presented me to him—with a pretty childish formality which made us friends at once.

"Signore, here is my father; he can answer all your questions. Father, here is my English friend."

The old man laughed, but I saw that his eyes were reading me closely. I was glad that pretty Bianca introduced me as her friend, and I hastened to speak to old Silvestro of my business.

"I am correspondent of an English newspaper," said I, "and I came to Venice to learn all about the troubles at the Arsenal. It seems that good fortune has made me the neighbor of one who is the best of authorities. It is not necessary to come to Venice to know the fame of Silvestro Celsi, Signore."

He laughed again, silencing me with a gesture of the hand.

"Truly," he exclaimed, "it was not necessary to come to Venice to understand our trouble at the Arsenal. Have you not laborers in your own country? Assuredly you have, and their humanity is our humanity—neither more nor less. Give them thorns when they ask for figs—and there is your problem."

"It is being understood that figs are their wage."

"Exactly. I am no dutiful son of the priests; but I do not forget that the Master of all workmen taught us that man shall not live by bread alone. Here, in Italy, our children would be glad enough if their bread were assured to them. We are very poor, Signore—and the end is not yet. God knows what we must suffer before the days of our prosperity return to us. If you have any message from Venice to your countrymen, let it be this—that in our poverty we do not forget England and her friendship. And may your judgment be not hasty whatever the days may bring."

"You fear a crisis, Signor Celsi?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"He who takes meat from the dog must beware of the dog's teeth, Signor. That is exactly what our Government is doing to day. The men are starving in the yards while the law is feeding them with exhortations of patience. Does a man lend a willing ear to an exhortation like that when his children cry for bread? You know that he does not."

"In that case your man from Rome would do well to try a change of air!" I suggested.

"I express no opinion," he said, somewhat curtly, "though I pray God that harm may not befall him."

It was plain to me that he did not wish to continue the discussion, and I turned to other subjects, sitting with him until the moonlight shone white and glorious upon the canal, and all the palaces were as temples of silver and of jewels. I found, to my pleasure, that he was ready to encourage my friendship for little Bianca, seeming content indeed that she should make a friend after the custom of the English, for whom he had so great a regard. It was pathetic to witness his affection for the child, his fear that the day would come when she would lack the love he gave to her so generously.

"She has no one else," he would say, "and I am an old man. Age is very cruel, Signore, when it is linked to youth in the bonds of a father's love."

It was midnight when we left our balconies, and twelve hours passed before I saw little Bianca again. A long letter to London upon the business of the Arsenal kept me at my desk almost until daybreak. Thereafter, I slept heavily until the musical bells of the city were tolling the Angelus. A little to my chagrin, Bianca was not at her window when I opened mine as usual; but when I had read through my papers and letters, she came tripping to the balustrade and blurted out her news.

"He is coming here to-day—to-night," she cried gladly.

"You mean the man from Rome?"

"Who else should come? Have you not heard? They tried to kill him yesterday when he was leaving the Arsenal. My father says that there is only one house in Venice which can shelter him. And so he is coming here."

"You think he will be safe at the Palazzo Celsi!"—that was the name of Bianca's house—"you think that he will consent to become a prisoner?"

We had fixed our dinner for the evening of Sunday. There had been unbroken

She tossed her hair—it was auburn hair this morning—back upon her pretty shoulders.

"My father's house is a sanctuary," she said proudly. "Signor Orso will be safe here as in his palace at Rome."

"Let us trust so," I replied dubiously, "if only for your father's sake."

"Oh, indeed, for his sake I wish it," she exclaimed, and I saw that tears misted her eyes again. "He has not slept for three days, Signore; he left the house this morning without a word to me."

The sunlight falling generously upon the canal forbade that I should comfort her then. It was not until the man from Rome had come to her house and was held in talk by her father that she ventured again upon the balcony, and sat by me to tell me of the day's work. And while she talked I could see the others; the old shipbuilder, worn and anxious and heavy-eyed; the young man whom Crispini had sent, pale and nervous, and apprehensive even in the sanctuary of Silvestro's house. Thirty years he had lived, I judged—a weak man strong in another's authority. Nor could I help but ask myself if he would ever leave Venice alive. Had not a thousand men sworn to kill him? Your Venetian does not forget an oath like this.

It was a callous view, but I began to regard this man as a bare that is hunted. There was something almost stimulating in the idea that, at many a dark place, men watched, dagger in hand, to reckon with the enemy. To-day, to-morrow—would Orso Cicogna be alive then? And was old Silvestro honest in his desire to protect him? I had doubts even of that.

"I will save my people," the shipbuilder had said to me. But how were they to be saved while the man from Rome was there. Orso, the man from Rome, appeared to be the only occupant of the chamber. He was writing at a table when I first saw him; he was still writing when the clock struck a quarter past the hour. Had he not been a stranger to me, I might have spoken a word through the window to ask of his host and of Bianca. As it was, I began to think the whole circumstance one of the strangest I had known. Here was dinner ready to be served, Ottone ready to serve it, the candles lighted, the flasks uncorked—yet of those for whom all this was done there was no sign.

I asked myself if they played some jest: I said that Bianca would come running up the stairs presently, breathless and panting apologies. The clock struck nine and still my dinner waited.

The last note of the bell had scarce gone echoing over the water when I called to Ottone, meaning to send him, for the second time, across to old Celsi's house. It was evident now that something had happened. The fact of the man Orso writing diligently at the table perplexed me. But this perplexity was as nothing to the strange suspicion and dread which possessed me when, upon calling for my servant, I had no answer. The man had vanished as mysteriously as Bianca and her father. Though the stairs echoed my summons, echo was the only answer vouchsafed to me. I was alone with the candles and the flowers and the gaudy draperies of the feast.

It may be that in this assumption there was the keen anticipation of the journalist who has heard the view halloo. Certainly, Orso Cicogna seemed secure from danger so long as he was under old Silvestro's roof. Cowed for the moment by the attack already made upon him, he never left the house for three days; and when again he went to the Arsenal, the police boat carried him there. For my part, I did not care how long the comedy or tragedy might last. Was there not little Bianca and the moonlight upon the water and the admirable wind to toss her curls against my cheeks? And what matter if the future were dark? There were moments when I said that I would dare even to carry this bewitching little Italian girl back to England as my wife. I made mention of her in letters to my friends; began to reckon up the possibilities and the problems of housekeeping—I who had never lived in a house when an hotel was to be found, or lingered in any city a day longer than the employment of the hour demanded. That she would return with me, I was sure. Though she protested that she would never leave her father, there was love in the protest. And the message of her eyes, spoken again and again upon the balcony, needed no dictionary to translate. She trembled when my lips touched hers—she lay still as a frightened thing when I held her in my arms.

A week passed in this pleasure of love and doubt. I began to think that I must speak plainly to old Celsi—to whom I thought my hopes would not be unwelcome. It seemed to me, when he shut his eyes to our delicious nights upon the balcony, that he was blind with good intent. Perhaps he was glad that someone would take his daughter away from the trouble and uncertainty then hovering upon his house. Be this as it may, the night was rare when he left his room to intrude upon the delights of our privacy. He, and Orso the doomed, would spend the hours in earnest indifference, as oblivious of the two who watched the dark waters outside as though they had never lived. I said that the old shipbuilder was an utter mystery. And there is but one thing to do with mystery—it is to ask him to dinner.

The feast was to be upon the fifteenth day after I had first spoken to Bianca. I determined, after consultation with my Italian servant, Ottone, to give it in my own rooms. The man from Rome would come then and I could turn him into articles. I knew that he would not consent

Like Sunshine



The melody of stringed instruments rippled across the cool, sweet harmony of a piano. In the "BELL" Piano with the

Orchestral Attachment

any player can obtain these beautiful effects. You can imitate sixteen stringed instruments, among them harp, banjo, mandolin, guitar, etc., without at all disturbing the resonance, touch or action of the piano. You can also use the keyboard of the piano as a silent Practice Clavier with precisely the same touch and weight of action that the piano has when regularly played.

THE END.

AN UP TO DATE PATIENT. A Story of a Hospital Nurse, by L. T. MEADE, will be published in this paper next week.

From Pain to Health.

The Remarkable Case of John Henderson of Deseronto Junction.

Almost Helpless From Sciatic Rheumatism, the Effects of Which Shattered His Constitution—He Thought Death Not Far Off When Friendly Aid Placed Within His Reach the Means of Recovery.

From the Deseronto Tribune. It will be remembered that during the past winter reference was several times made in the "Personal" column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel road, Township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that but very little hope was entertained of his recovery, as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated. Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence, the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy, who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napanee. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or he would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock, the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up at the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassess itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to move about a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the Tribune, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and volunteered to send for a quantity if Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box, but with little discernible effect. He, however, kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes, found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily, the pain disappeared, he regained strength, and, as he expressed it, "I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson appeared a strong, vigorous man, whom to see was sufficient proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

For wasting in children or adults, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites has been the recognized remedy for twenty-five years.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

THAT faded carpet can be dyed in any of the newest shades of green, crimson, brown, old rose and other popular tints. That's good news—isn't it? Good as getting a new carpet. Better the carpet better the dye.

R. PARKER & CO.
Head Office and Works—287-291 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES:
59 King Street West, 201 Yonge Street, 471 Queen Street West, 1267 Queen Street West, 277 Queen Street East.
PHONES—3037, 3610, 2143, 1004, 5098.

PUREST AND BEST

Windsor Salt

A good housewife knows that salt is of the first importance in the preparation and preservation of food, and that the purest and most soluble is WINDSOR.

Ask your Grocer for it.

The WINDSOR SALT CO.
LIMITED
WINDSOR, Ont.



SMITH'S
DYE
WORKS
IS NOW AT
106 King St. West
Telephone 2471

She—he kissed me, and then I told him to tell no one. He—And what did he do? Why, it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs
Are extremely frequent in this climate, and their danger lies in the opinion too often entertained that they will wear themselves out. That they do not and that hundreds are being hurried in consequence to untimely graves is one of the most patent facts of our existence. The only rational treatment is to employ Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, a preparation of inestimable value in all forms of complaints. In addition to supplying the oil in a form in which it may easily be assimilated and without disturbing the stomach, it represents the nutritive properties of wheat, oats and barley, and is therefore a reconstructive and tissue former of eminent value. Not less important is the action of maltine on starchy foods. These are rendered digestible and capable of replacing the wastes of the body. This is Nature's own method. Try Maltine with Cod Liver Oil.

mise to his children and that Venice would see him no more.

It is a year ago now since I saw Bianca Celsi. Idle to say that the events of the terrible night had been blotted from my mind or that I did not think often with feelings of a deep and lasting affection of the little Italian girl whose love I had won during those happy weeks in Venice. But I had no thought of Bianca that night in March when, chancing to pass the gaunt Italian church, Hatton Garden, I felt a hand upon my shoulder and turned around to see an ill-dressed pitiful creature regarding me with wistful eyes.

"You forget me, Signore," she cried, in broken English. "Oh, but I shall remember always. Do not turn from me—we are not what you think—it was another who killed Orso Cicogna."

"Another?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, "your servant Ottone—he had a brother at the Arsenal. We did not know then—but now, God pity us, it is too late."

The woman, for such Bianca had become, released my arm and darted across the street. The dim light of evening soon hid her from my sight, but not before I had seen her take the hand of an old man who waited for her, and lead him into the shadows.

And as the woman went I shuddered to think that I had once held her in my arms.

THE END.

AN UP TO DATE PATIENT. A Story of a Hospital Nurse, by L. T. MEADE, will be published in this paper next week.

A Person and a Picture.

The Century.

THE field was yellow and brown; behind the stone wall was another field full of blackberries and sweet fern, and then came black pine-trees and a blue sky.

I had come out to watch Louis Riel paint a picture. Louis, as you know, is a very great artist, who is asked to decorate libraries, go to dinners, and all that; and it is considered no end of a fine thing to be allowed to see him paint. But why he wished to paint the things I have described puzzled me, and I said so.

"To begin with," said Louis, "the subject is absolutely nothing; and secondly, I can make anything out of nothing (Louis values himself); and in the third place, when a man lives by doing certain things, he must do those things when he receives a remunerative offer from somebody else."

"To be sure," said I; "but who in goodness wants a picture of two ugly fields and some ugly pine-trees?"

"That is a question I decline to answer," said Louis; "but I will tell you why the person wants the picture."

"Go ahead," said I; "will the person be same?"

"The person," said Louis, "is a particular friend of mine. Do you mind picking up that brush? I can't bend over without upsetting things. Thanks. Well, the person is a very particular friend of mine—"

"As you were saying," said I.

"Do you care to hear the story?" said Louis.

"How long is it?" I asked.

"Because, whether you want to hear it or not, I'm going to tell it to you for the mere pleasure of hearing myself talk."

"Oh, very well," said I, lying back comfortably in the grass.

"You must listen, though," said Louis, "because it's a very sentimental story."

"It began about ten years ago to-day. It was in the afternoon—the person, my friend, said he was in the afternoon—that he first came to this field. He never told me why he came, and it doesn't make any difference, but he came; and he sat on that stone wall—just the part I'm doing now; and while he sat on the stone wall black berries came into the next field to pick blackberries."

"A girl," said I; "think of it!"

"She was a very pretty girl," continued Louis, "because the person is one of the best judges in the world, and he told me so. She was just eighteen."

"How old was the person?" I asked.

"Fifty?"

"The person was just twenty-two."

"And you're thirty-two—and it was ten years ago. Go on."

Louis paid no attention.

"The person," said he, "talked with the girl, and helped her pick blackberries."

"Most improper," said I. "Who was the girl?"

"She was a farmer's daughter, and she taught school in winter—"

"And talked with anybody that came along," said I.

"The person was very good-looking," said Louis, squeezing out some ultramarine.

"Go on," said I.

"And he came to the field every day till the end of his vacation."

"Did the blackberries last?" I asked.

"There were many blackberries," said Louis; "and when the person left there were still a few on the vines."

"Tell me more about before the person left."

"The person was very young and foolish; in fact—"

"He asked her to marry him?"

"He asked her to marry him."

"And she said she would?"

"Yes, she said she would; but she said she must wait a year to see if he still cared about her."

"The results of higher education," said I. Louis shrugged his shoulders pityingly.

"Was the person allowed to see her during the year?" I asked.

"No, he was not; and he was to write only at the very end of it."

"Sensible girl! I have money that says he never wrote."

"It's mine then, because he did."

"Well, what happened?"

"She didn't answer."

"The person was playing in great luck," said I.

"The person came down by the first train, and they told him that the girl and her family had gone away to visit an aunt, or something; and as they didn't know where the aunt lived, the person couldn't follow."

"Well?" I asked.

"The person went abroad with his family, and wrote several times, and got no answer; and that's all. Only he wants a picture of the place, and so I am painting it for him."

"The girl is probably married to some lusty farmer," said I.

"I think the girl is dead," said he.

Louis turned his head to one side, the better to see what he had done.

"She must have been very unhappy after the person left," said I. "What do you suppose she did?"

"I imagine she picked the rest of the blackberries."

"Of course," said I. "I'm going to sleep."

Louis went on painting, and I watched him between half-closed lids.

I saw him turn pale and drop his brush.

"What's the matter?" I asked hurriedly.

"Look! It's she!"

I raised myself till I could see over the stone wall. A woman was beginning to pick blackberries into a tin pail.

"How do you know it's she?" I asked; "you never saw her."

"Of course not; but I think it is. I'm going to ask."

"Oh, you know her name?"

"Yes; the person told me."

Louis ran, and leaned over the stone wall.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "are you Mildred Bartlett?"

"Not any more," said the woman, and went on picking blackberries.

Louis came and stood before his picture, and he looked from it to the sky.

"I think the light is not very good," said he; "let's push along."

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Are you going to finish the picture?" I asked.

"I think I shall not finish it," said he.

"But the person who ordered it?" I objected.

"He is a very particular friend of mine, and if I tell him he doesn't want it, why, he will understand that I mean it for his good."

"Yes," said I; "what's the use of roses and lavender?"

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Do you suppose the woman is still picking blackberries?" I asked.

"She was when I last saw her," said Louis; but I'm very sure he spoke without thinking.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, JR.

If

If I were rich, to Klondike I would go,

If I buy a wheel and ride there on the snow.

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would buy

A mansion fair; each turrett I should glid—

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would build

A mansion fair; each turrett I should glid—

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would buy

Before me lying on the pregnant ground.

If I were rich, But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, hand-somely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONE { Business Office... 1709
Editorial Rooms... 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

| | |
|--------------|--------|
| One Year | \$2.00 |
| Six Months | 1.00 |
| Three Months | 50 |

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. II] TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1898. [No. 21

The Drama.

An intense drama of the days of Nero, when Christians were burnt as torches to light the arena in which their brethren were thrown to the lions. Such is The Sign of the Cross, Wilson Barrett's play, which holds the boards at the Grand this week. It tells the story which we have read in many guises of the early Christian martyrs, weaving through it the still older story of a man's redemption by a woman's love. Though opening rather tamely in the first act, the action soon becomes intense, almost too much so for any but the hardened theater-goer. The story of the play is well known. Marcus Superbus, Prefect of Rome, becomes desperately enamored of Mercia, a beautiful Christian, who has interposed between two "Christian hunters" and their intended victim, and whom he rescues. Nero's edict decreeing the death of all Christians follows, and Marcus is selected to enforce it. In spite of this he protects Mercia from the officers and incurs the jealousy of Dacia, a patrician lady, who loves him. She denounces Mercia to the Empress Poppea, and her death is decreed by Nero. Tigellinus, counselor to Nero, and Lucinius, captain of his guard, denounce Marcus as a traitor, but he is saved by Poppea, who also loves him. He pleads in vain for the life of Mercia, knowing well that the only condition, that of her renouncing her faith, is impossible. She remains firm, but owns her love for him when he resolves to die with her, announces himself as a Christian, and together they go to death, the curtain falling as they leave the prison for the arena. The play is handsomely staged and the company is a strong one. Mr. Charles Dalton as Marcus, in the first act, is inclined to be stately and somewhat heavy, but in the second act rises to the situation, and from the scene in Favus's house to the fall of the curtain, does himself and the character full justice. His appeal to Nero and the closing scene with Mercia are particularly fine. Miss Irene Rook as Mercia is an ideal bit of womanhood, and the sweetest presence that has graced a Toronto stage for many a day—not powerful, but tender, appealing and natural. Her presentation of the character of the pure Christian maid, shrinking from the pollution surrounding her, but ready to die for her faith, is as nearly perfect as we think possible, apart from the great actresses we believe capable of anything. Mr. Banney as Nero, Mr. Peach as Tigellinus, Miss Agnes Scott as Berenice, Miss Cavanagh as Dacia, Miss Boswell as Stephanus, and Mr. Gill as Favus, all do good, honest work; in fact, the immense gap which too often yawns between the stars and their support does not exist, for which we should be devoutly thankful. It seems a pity that such an excellent presentation of a stirring play should be marred by artistic light effects and trap posing. Just why it is necessary for a search-light to be turned on to the principal performers in the darkness of a room or prison-cell, while they strike sublime poses, requires explanation. Perhaps the stage-manager knows, but if he does, let us hope he will forget and give it up, and we will forgive him. Somebody should also explain why a drunken buffoon must be introduced into a play of this sort, and why, if he must be there, the hero chooses him as his love confidant. These are glaring faults in an otherwise artistic presentation of an intensely pathetic story of the first martyrdoms for the faith that thousands have died for.

This company, while it gives a good enough presentation of the piece to warrant people in going to see it, by no means makes the most of the production. This is "William Greet's London Company, including Charles Dalton," yet it is a very different company from the original one, "including Charles Dalton," which presented the piece in New York. Here is a list of the people who are now replaced by others in the company:

ACTORS. ACTRESSES.
W. A. Elliott. Barbara Huntley.
D. McCarthy. Alida Cortelyou.
J. Carter Edwards. Lotta Lintineum.
C. H. Hewelson. Corono Ricardo.
Leon Roche. Marion Nugent.
J. H. Burland. Grace Tempest.
George Flood. E. Bernard.
W. J. Thorold. Evelyn Weston.
Lillah McCarthy.

These people are, I say, now replaced by others, and we may infer that the changes have not been made in order to give Toronto a better presentation of the play than was given to New York. In the original presentation of the piece on this side of the pond, in New York, Miss Cavanagh appeared as Zona, the Slave, while in Toronto she has been moved up to the more important part of Dacia. The promotions all through have been on a very generous scale. The Mercia, Poppea, Dacia and Berenice of the original cast are not now with the company. It is in-

structive to now and then examine by this process the companies that come here, for it shows how art is diluted for the provincial taste.

Here, as elsewhere, The Sign of the Cross, as a religious drama, attracts the attention of clergymen, of whom a large number were present on Monday evening. Whether the play attracts most with its devoted Christianity or its picturesque paganism, is again the question, and again opinions differ. The idea that seems to prevail in some quarters that The Sign of the Cross is a dramatization of Quo Vadis is erroneous, because Wilson Barrett wrote the play long before Quo Vadis was written. Barrett produced his play in St. Louis and afterwards in Chicago during his last American tour, and the play had concluded its long run in London before Quo Vadis came out.

Two men met in the lobby of the Grand Opera House between acts Monday evening and gazed at each other in shame-faced embarrassment. Then they began to laugh, and explanations followed. Brown had invited Jones to call at his house that evening at 9.30, and the invitation had been accepted. Brown decided to see The Sign of the Cross, and telephoned home that he was detained by business, and to tell Jones so when he called. Jones telephoned to Brown's to say that he had been detained by business. And here they both were at the theater. If Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had found each other out in such a disgraceful bit of double-dealing their relations might have become strained—but the men laughed and lit their cigarettes.

The Cummings Stock Company bid us farewell this week in the farce entitled The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown. It contains a character very similar to Charley's Aunt, and Mr. Cummings is in it enabled to leave last impressions on his admirers in a style of comedy that has proved the most suited to himself and popular with the public. The whole company appears in The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown, and though it is the lightest kind of a trifle, it is well done and winds up the season appropriately. The Cummings Stock Company have made a legion of friends in Toronto since they played All the Comforts of Home last fall. They have drawn numbers of people to the Princess who before were not patrons, or even approvers of the stage at all; they have shown that standard farces and melodramas intelligently and decently put on at popular prices, not only pay, but draw the best people; they have started in all probability a revival of the stock company on the Canadian circuit; and they have raised the hoodoo from the Princess, the largest, brightest and prettiest theater in the city. Although some of us might have been getting just a little tired of seeing the same people every week, still it is safe to say that everyone would unite in welcoming them back to Toronto another season.

Darkest Russia, at the Toronto Opera House this week, is not new to Toronto audiences. It is a good play, although, while demonstrating the miseries of the Russian lower classes, it is written with the patriotic purpose of incidentally glorifying the land of the star-spangled banner. A Russian story or play, as a rule, is made up for the most part of Siberia, Nihilists, policemen, and double-barreled names ending in "off." Darkest Russia, while not an exception to this rule, is still interesting, although the play as a whole doesn't advertise Russia as a country which goes out of its way to encourage emigration. When one thinks of that great empire stretching in compact hugeness across two continents; its restless aggressiveness in its ceaseless quest of more territory; its immense army which its tax-oppressed peasantry, still in the misery of the middle ages, has to starve itself to feed, one wonders who is the moving spirit and what is he driving at! It is to be hoped his policy makes him happy: it evidently doesn't many other people so. When the Russian peasant discovers that he has been paying more than it was worth for his right to exist, gets up and demands a reduction in prices, the world can put the greater part of its standing armies to work for their living.

The tragedy at London, in which Emerson the actor shot and killed Tuttle, the manager, is not a crime of the stage but of life—the result of a quarrel between a man who had earned and needed his pay, and a manager who failed to pay him. It is not the habit in this country to excuse or leniently view the taking of human life, and Emerson will no doubt have a hard time of it. Before a Canadian jury the blow that Tuttle gave Emerson, the failure to pay the money due, the nasty things that he said, will all seem very poor provocations for the shooting of a man through the head. But this case shows us that the big and physically aggressive men sometimes go too far, and it also reminds us that there may often be behind the curtains all the elements of real tragedy while a comedy holds the boards and amuses the laughing crowd.

Toronto people were surprised to hear that Julia Arthur had been taken suddenly ill in Boston during a performance of A Lady of Quality, and that it was doubtful if she would recover. Better news has arrived, however. On Monday Mrs. Lewis of Hamilton, Ont., mother of Julia Arthur, received a telegram from her son at the Parker House, Boston, where the gifted actress is staying. The message stated that Miss Arthur is now out of all danger. She may go alone to England as soon as she is able to travel. Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Partridge of Chicago and Miss Jeanette Lewis, three sisters of the actress, have joined her at Boston.

Mrs. Fiske spent last week in New York, preparing for her spring engagement at the Fifth Avenue theater opening this week, and rehearsing new plays, two of which will be produced during that engagement. In one of these, A Bit of

Old Chelsea, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer—a one-act drama that has run for over a year in London—it is believed that Mrs. Fiske will have a character giving full scope to her genius. Another play to be produced by her is by Marguerite Merington and the chief part of this, too, is said to be admirably fitted to Mrs. Fiske. For this drama Mrs. Fiske has added Verner Clarges, Alberta Gallatin and Lotta Lintineum to her company.

It appears that the return of Clement Scott to the London *Daily Telegraph* does not signify that he has been forgiven by the members of the theatrical profession, but quite otherwise. The Actors' Association sent a demand to Sir Edward Lawson, manager of the paper, that Mr. Scott be required to apologize to the profession before he be allowed to resume his work.

Lawson chose to treat this demand as an unwarranted interference, and recalled Scott, ignoring his resignation. Some of the London managers will refuse him admission to their theaters, and this will probably provoke the inclement Clement to further remarks.

In Venezuela the "encore fiend" is regarded with favor. Public performers who refuse to respond to encores are sent to jail, says the *Buffalo News*. The story of a singer who happened at a concert to please the audience is recorded. He was recalled several times. At the fourth recall he thought he had sung enough. At the sixth he was mad and refused to appear on the stage. The encore fiend raised a riot, the police were called. He arrested not only the fiend, but the singer. Next day the judge decided against the singer, fined him and sent him to jail.

It has always surprised Toronto people to hear that two of our greatest favorites were not popular in New York, Sol Smith and Julia Marlowe. This only increased our disrepect for the opinion of New York. The taste of that city has seemed incomprehensible. But now we are told that the quaint Sol Smith and the talented Julia have won the approval of New York.

The plan of seats opened at Nordheimer's on Tuesday for One of the Best, the military play which will be presented at the Grand on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week by the 48th Highlanders. The play promises to make quite a success and the advance sales indicate a widespread interest in it.

Next week the Princess will be dark while the stage is being put in shape for the light opera season, which opens on April 18 with the Mandarin.

On Saturday night, April 16, the orchestra of the late Anton Seidl will appear in Massey Music Hall, led by the assistant of the late conductor.

The Geisha will be put on at the Grand Opera House Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week.

Two Little Vagrants comes to the Toronto Opera House next week.

Sporting Comment.

It would appear that the Torontos and Tecumsehs have amalgamated, but one scarcely ventures to mention the subject aloud for fear that the spell may be broken and the whole thing prove to have been a dream. A union of these two clubs has been so long desired and so often rumored that it is hard to believe that it has at last really taken place. But we are told that it is really true. This means that Toronto will have one real good lacrosse team, instead of two fairly good ones. The picked men of the two teams, if they can be induced to play, will mean a combination of players that the Eastern towns will find it almost impossible to beat. I believe that the only first-class man whose intentions are still in doubt is Harvey German, and it is to be hoped that this great home player will join in and help complete a home team that Toronto people can take some pride in. President Garland believes in amateur lacrosse, and the best friends of sport should give him and the club a generous support.

Toronto University has offered to enter a crew in the inter-university boat race on July 2, in which Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Wisconsin Colleges will take part. It is expected that the application of Toronto University will be promptly accepted.

There is some talk of the Argonauts sending a senior and intermediate eight to the National regatta at Philadelphia next summer, says the *World*, and with such good men as the Muntz brothers, the Thompsons, Joe Wright and the junior

crew of last season the Argonauts should be in any race to the finish.

Any doubts as to the genuineness of the amalgamation of the Tecumsehs and Torontos are set at rest by a study of the names of the delegates appointed to represent the Torontos at the Good Friday meeting of the C.L.A., as follows: J. Ross, P. W. McCullough, A. Cooper, Frank Nelson, W. Brent, and Ernie Burns.

The annual meetings of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and the Canadian Lacrosse Association on Good Friday have brought in large crowds of athletic young men from outside points for Easter. It is a great annual rally.

The English billiard tournament at the T.A.C. opened Tuesday evening, and is occasioning a great deal of interest among the members.

The Parkdale Cricket Club held its annual meeting at the Gladstone House on Friday evening of last week, when many new members were elected and these officers: Hon. president, Mr. John Chambers; president, Mr. S. W. Black; first vice-president, Mr. J. T. Clark; second vice-president, Mr. Arthur Hatch; secretary-treasurer, Mr. John E. Hall.

advices from here will convince you that the offer we make is a very liberal one.

The moment we hear from you favorably the cash will be deposited to your credit here in the First National Bank. Kindly advise me as to your intentions at the earliest possible moment."

The husband looked at the wife.

"Well, by George!" he said.

A wild light was in the wife's eye.

George fumbled in his inside pocket.

"There," he said, as he drew forth the letter which never went, "that's what it means."

"I'll have to forgive you this time," she said.

"Try it again," he cheerfully suggested.

"Accept the second offer, and after I send a telegram or two I can guarantee that it will go."

"I'm afraid I can't trust you."

"I'll carry it in my hand to the office."

And so a bad and quite inexcusable failing is the means of putting a beautiful gilding on the day in that household.

An Easter Eve Tragedy.

MAN HAROLD CURTISS was an old man, and the less said about his looks the better.

Mrs. Harold Curtiss was young, beautiful and accomplished; and, as might reasonably be expected, the sweet little lady was a trifling fonder of her military adornments, especially at Easter time, than she was of plain but devoted husband. Then, again, poor Curtiss knew full well that when his enormous wealth won the small, soft, snowy hand of Mima Morton her heart still remained in the blissful keeping of Charley Kent, her former handsome but poverty-stricken suitor. To make matters worse, this same Charley Kent, who was employed in a distant town, was wont to return to his native town at holiday times to visit his aged mother, when a lucky fate seemed always to bring Mrs. Curtiss and her old lover together, much to the discomfort of her jealous husband, who dreaded the approach of every gay and festive season.

On the morning of the day in question, the unhappy Mr. Curtiss met old Mrs. Kent coming from the postoffice reading a letter. The delight depicted in the old lady's countenance plainly prophesied her son's appearance in town that very evening. Therefore, in spite of the brightening influences of the beautiful floral preparations for the coming Easter morn, many fierce and jealous emotions darkened the brooding breast of Curtiss during the day. Sad to say, on his return in the evening, before entering the house, while spying through the windows of his wife's private sitting-room, his darkest suspicions were verified.

There she was, his own lawful wife; her face wreathed with the sweetest smiles that had ever enhanced a lovely face, and her cheeks flushed with delicious excitement. Her hair was tossed and disordered, while here and there a dainty golden ringlet had been drawn out beyond its fellows by some fondling hand. Great Caesar! How rapturously she was gazing at some worshipful object, which, from Curtiss' point of view, was invisible. Yes! Charley Kent must be there, and they had apparently been renewing old acquaintanceship with unprecedented zest and vigor. But, ha! It should be the last time! and a devilish glint darted from the eyes of the infatuated man as he drew a gleaming nickel-plated revolver from his hip-pocket and

fired again and again at the hidden object of his young wife's secret devotion.

Agonizing screams followed the reports of the pistol, and Curtiss, trembling with the excitement of his murderous actions, rushed into the house shouting:

"False woman, this act is yours, not mine!"

"Oh, Harold, Harold, Harold," cried his swooning wife, "how could you do such a dastardly deed? You have blown my love new Easter bonnet all to smithereens!"

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

St. Catharines, April, '98.

Commerce vs. War.

NEITHER the British Empire nor the United States is a fighting power, says the *Hamilton Herald*. They are the greatest of the commercial powers, and as such both of them want peace.

During the last half-century almost all of Britain's little wars have been undertaken either to open up new markets or to retain those already in her possession. If the United States should bring on a war with Spain by interfering to enforce peace in Cuba, the Washington Government will justify its action by the plea that the long struggle in Cuba has seriously injured United States commerce. The British and American peoples have good fighting blood in their veins; but being in the vanguard of civilization, they have advanced far beyond the primitive predatory condition of nationhood. However, it is necessary for the wealthy commercial nations to be prepared for war in order to avert attack from the fighting nations. The idea is to keep the fighting nations at a respectful distance by a display of military and naval power. It is not improbable that that was partly the motive of the British Government in ordering the stupendous naval demonstration in connection with the Jubilee celebration last summer. It is certain that that is the motive for the present naval demonstrations in the far East. And it may also be said that the object of the recent appropriation of \$50,000,000 for war preparations in the United States was largely to produce in Spain a feeling of wholeness awe for the power that can so easily avail itself of the sinews of war. But demonstrations do not "scare" as they once did, and eventually the great trade and commerce nations must fight to establish the supremacy of trade over militarism.

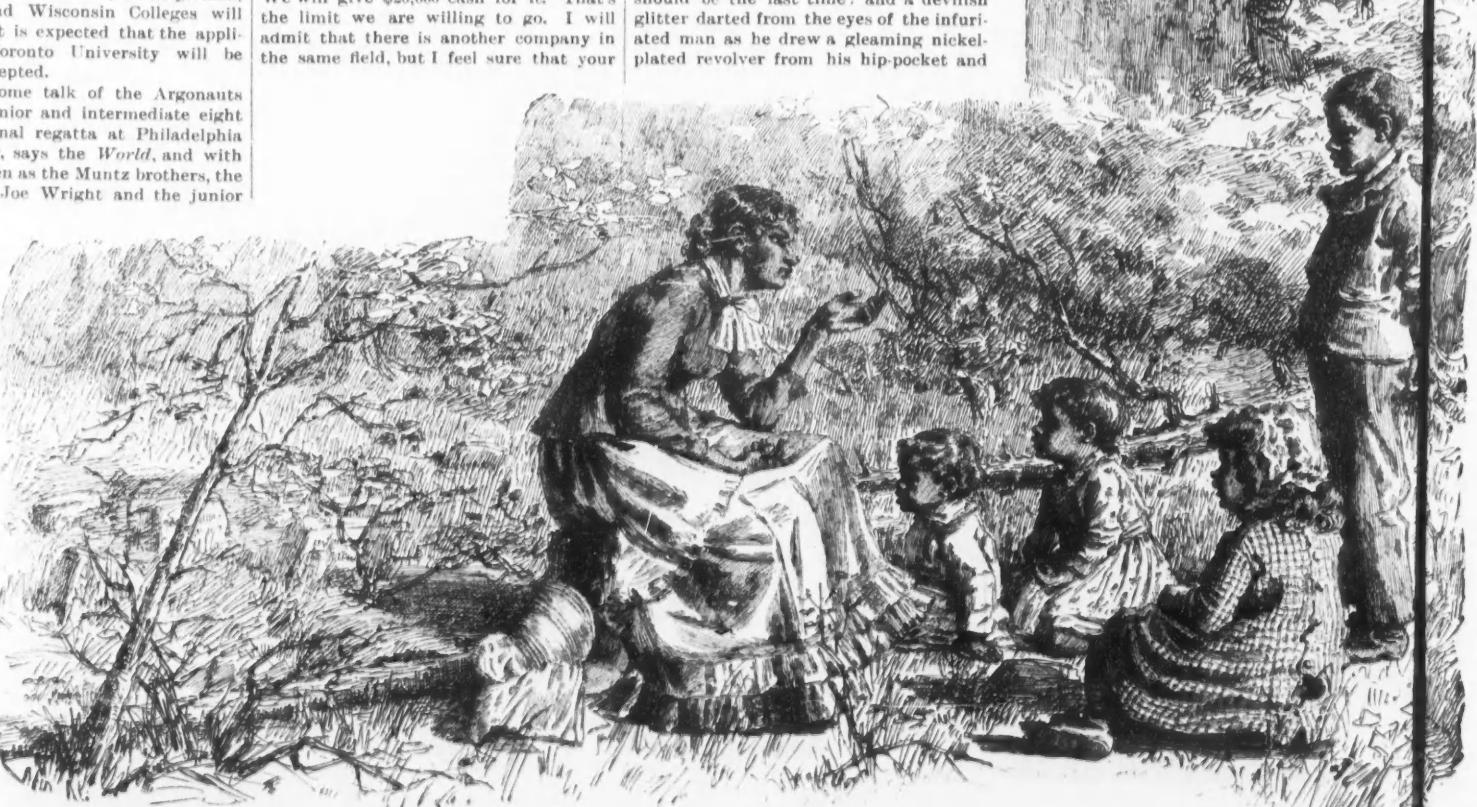
Some of the screws used in watches are so small that it takes 300,000 of them to weigh a pound.

There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of emperors who lived 2,000 years ago.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists. We had suspected as much.

POLLY—What's Freddie crying for? DOLLY—Because he dug a hole in the garden and mother won't let him bring it into the house.

"My wife cleans house eight times a year," said the applicant for divorce. "Decree granted," said the judge, in a voice that shivered.



The Ride of the Minx.

A Story of Early Wheeling Days.

BOLD Minx," said the ladies of the Dorcas Society.

"Old Cats," murmured the Minx.

Yet the young person thus condemned of the Dorcas Society was of cheerful aspect and pleasing presence. Fair-skinned, gray-eyed, and crowned with curling locks of golden brown, she was possessed also of a pleasant voice, which often rose in flights of song or musical laughter, these seeming to the casual observer to be the overflows of a merry and innocent heart.

Yet the ladies of this sleepy, aristocratic village by the sea agreed with wonderful unanimity that she was a Minx, and a bold one at that.

The crime for which the young person had been thus informally tried, found guilty and condemned, was not far to seek. She rode a bicycle. Rode it, moreover, as something to triumph and rejoice in; the flush which came to her cheek when she mounted her "unseemly machine" was one of joy and not of shame. There was no doubt, there could be no doubt, she was an undesirable visitor and a minx.

At first she seemed unable to understand their chilly demeanor, but afterwards held her chin a little higher and sometimes stole along the quiet road behind the Old Cats, ringing her warning bell close upon their startled ears, disconcerting them thereby beyond the power of instant speech.

But the sunny days which had brought such joy to her departed. There came instead sudden cold, with shrieking winds which caught up sand from the beach and whirled it up and down the deserted roads. Then followed wild, lashing rain; days so dark that blinds were drawn and lamps lit early in the afternoon.

The Minx sat disconsolately in the tomb-like dining-room of the Widow Ploggett, and drew patterns with her finger upon the clammy oil-cloth table-cover. She wished the Widow were not so deaf, so given to heavy sighs. She begrimed this wasting of her precious holiday. The deceased Ploggett simpered down upon her from his gaudy frame above the mantelpiece, first irritating her and gradually reducing her to a state of helpless depression. Friendship's Offering, and Pilgrim's Progress made her long for the novels so heroically left behind. She heard the Widow "siding away" the tea things. She thought of the Old Cats sitting cosily by their respective firesides, and a sudden moisture came into the gray eyes. Even a Minx may feel very small and lonely and forlorn.

Ten minutes later she was standing on the beach with the ladies of the Dorcas Society, the Widow, and all the inhabitants of the little place.

The storm was at its height. Sand and spray stung their faces. The wind beat and buffeted them, tore at their clothing, swept them together like so many dead leaves, and passed raving up the beach to snap great trees that had been old when the first house in the village was built. Now and then, far away in the darkness, the Minx could see a flash of light.

"On Hardnecks Shoal," shouted a young fisherman.

"Poor souls!" sobbed the Widow Ploggett.

Soaked with rain and spray, shivering with cold, they stood, a silent little company, straining their aching eyes for the distant flashes.

"Why don't you do something?" shouted the Minx in the ear of the man who had spoken. He could not hear her words, so drew her into the shelter of a low boat-house. "Why don't you do something?" she repeated.

"None of our boats could live five minutes in that sea. The life-boat and crew are at Tranach, twenty miles east. Our horse is lame, McNeill is away with his team, the other folks have only oxen; besides, the bridges between this and Tranach may be down before this."

"At Tranach," said the Minx thoughtfully.

Together they left the shelter and went up to the empty house. There he lighted the lamp of her bicycle while he waited for her in the hall. Almost directly she was there again, clad in the trim, familiar costume.

"You might lend me that woollen cap," she said.

She pulled it down until the brown hair was hidden.

"I think it can be done. I hope I shall be in time—good-bye," and she placed her small hand for a moment in his rough brown one.

She was gone; swallowed up in the blackness and rage of the night. The young fisherman, obeying an unaccustomed impulse, dropped on his knees before the Widow Ploggett's stairway and hid his face in his hands.

Twenty miles! Twenty miles of darkness, and storm, and peril. The lamp was extinguished almost directly, but the sandy road was beaten hard and firm as a race-track. On she flew, mile after mile, over shaking bridges where many planks were missing and the railings swept away. Down steep hills, rushing into unknown blackness, up endless slopes, with every nerve and muscle strained and aching. Once, as a giant tree crashed close behind her to its fall, she threw back her head and laughed a strange laugh of triumph. Brave men were numbered among the forerunners of the little Minx.

A swerving of the wheel, a fall, on again, urged always by the desperate fear that she might lose this race where Death rode abreast of the handle-bars.

Gasp—fighting for every inch of way against the angry wind, yet undismayed and refusing room to any thought save that of the goal which she must win.

Twenty long, black, awful miles—but at last they lay behind her. She beat with cramped hands upon the door of the first house in Tranach. Lights flashed, voices called and replied, the crew gathered, the boat slid down into the angry water, and the Minx sank down beside her faithful



The animal muff and boa have been the feature of the early spring in Paris, and it is predicted that they will be all the go in both Paris and London in the autumn. The boa, as will be seen, terminates in a head and paws of a little animal; in some cases fox-skin of the natural tawny color is used. The muff bears exactly the appearance of an animal, for not only has it the head, but the paws hang down in front with the most realistic air.

wheel.

Poor little Minx! Over and over again she rode that fearful race; the wind pulled at her hair, she said; the rain stung her face. The lamp had gone out and she was afraid in the dark—quick! quick! would no one light it? For might not the drowned men overtake her and put their cold hands over hers on the handle-bars!

And the president of the Dorcas Society, since the road was impassable by reason of its wrecked bridges, came to Tranach by boat. Tenderly she cut off the soft, brown braids and dressed the ugly wound. Long days there were and longer nights, when the anxious watchers feared those gray eyes would never lift again.

The prayers of the rescued men rose heavenward. The young fisherman, clasping a faded woollen cap, whereon showed a dark stain, joined his supplication to theirs. Some of the Dorcas ladies said that these and other petitions were the means of restoring the Minx to life and reason; the Widow Ploggett sniffed, saying that prayers without nursing were of small avail; the plump old doctor smiled a self-complacent smile; the postmaster said, "Grit, gentlemen, clear grit."

Be that as it may, the next summer saw a very happy, joyous Minx in the same village, and as for the Old Cats—well, they purr'd without ceasing.

MARY E. FLETCHER,
Halifax, N. S.

Threnody

On the Death of the Akhond of Scaat.

[We have received a request that, in view of our article on Mr. George MacLennan in the last number of *THE TORONTO NOURNAL*, we should republish the poem referred to, and as there may be many other readers who are not familiar with the verses we accede to the request.]

What, what, what,

What's the news from Swat?

Sad news,

Bad news,

Comes by the cable led

Through the Indian Ocean bed,

Through the Persian Gulf, the Red

Seas and the Med-

iterranean—he's dead!

The Akhond is dead!

For the Akhond I mourn,

Who wouldn't?

He strove to disregard the message stern

But he Akhond isn't.

Dead, dead, dead:

(Sorrow Swat!)

Swats who has wif Akhond bled

Swats whom he hath often led

Onto a gory bed.

Or to victory,

As the case might be,

Sorrow Swat!

Tears shed,

Shed tears like water,

Your great Akhond is dead

That Swats must!

Mourn, City of Swat!

Your great Akhond is not,

But lain 'mid worms to rot,

His mortal part alone, a soul his was caught

(Because he was a good Akhond!)

Up to the bosom of Mahound,

Though earthly walls his frame surround

(Forever hallowed be the ground!)

And skeptics mock the lowly mound

And say "He's now of no Akhond!"

His soul is in the skies—

The azure skies that bend above his loved

Metropolis of Swat.

He sees with larger, other eyes,

Athwart all earthly mysteries—

He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Akhond

With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!

Let Swat bury the great Akhond

With the noise of the mourning of the Swat-

ish nation:

Fallen is at length

Its tower of strength,

Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned:

Dead lies the great Akhond,

The great Akhond of Swat.

Is not!

—

The first and sixth days of January, the 29th of September, and the 25th of March, have been celebrated as Christmas Day; and it was not until the middle of the fourth century that the Church Council fixed the date as at present.

tions to the doctrine that we are certain to raise and improve the masses by the mere diffusion of the habit of reading? I may compare it to the theory of many pious Protestants, that, provided you can make any unbeliever, any sinner, any savage read the Bible, he is safe to extract from it the religion which these Protestants profess.

As to Her Majesty.

THE Disputant looked quizzically at the Loyalist for a moment and then he decided to astonish him.

"That seems to be very true," he said, "and we have all heard it a great many times, but I desire to ask you a question, and here it is: If Queen Victoria were really the woman and the mother *par excellence*, would she not have relinquished her throne and sceptre and made way for her son, the Prince of Wales, who must ultimately succeed her, but whose best days are slipping away very rapidly? Do you know that he is now 50 years of age? Tell me, how is it that Her Majesty, if she be the model woman and mother, clings to the gewgaws of her royal office, or even pudgy hands, through which her son wastes his life in waiting?"

The Loyalist stared at the speaker aghast, but managed to find voice.

"That is not a question that we can discuss," he said.

"Why not? Our discussion of it will not effect her divine right to do as she pleases. I'm not asking you to talk treason; it is the human nature of the case that interests me. Why has she retained power all these years instead of making way for her son, whereas your mother or mine, or any ordinary mother, would ask no higher pleasure than to efface herself for the benefit of her son? Isn't that so—come now, isn't there something in it?"

"Where is there a precedent for it?" cried the Loyalist. "Where is there an instance of a king or queen abdicating to make way for a son?"

"Possibly I could find you an instance of it," replied the Disputant, "but it is not necessary. Her Majesty has the reputation of being the perfect woman, the perfect mother, in addition to being what we all admit, a perfect Queen. Of her great excellencies as a sovereign I am saying nothing. They cannot be disputed. It is this other claim that I am speaking of. Have we not somewhat idealized and glorified her character? Is she an ideal, or even a typical mother, as you and I understand the term? Compared with other sovereigns she has been a great power for good, but I'm asking you to compare her with other mothers."

"Well, now, I'll tell you just what I think," said the Loyalist. "It will not do to forget that she is Queen of Great Britain and her Colonies, and Empress of India. You cannot expect her to act precisely like an ordinary mother, for she is not in the sphere of an ordinary mother. Royalties must marry to suit the policy of state, and in a hundred ways they find that grave consequences follow their acts. Her Majesty might have formally abdicated, but while she lived she would never have been dethroned in the hearts of British people. You remember what a sad time Rosebery had as successor to Gladstone owing to the fact that Liberals everywhere continued to pay more attention to the G.O.M. in his retirement than to Rosebery. It would have been the same, only in a far greater degree, had Her Majesty abdicated in favor of His Royal Highness. He would have been half a king. There would have been two sovereigns and possibilities for no end of complications. I am sure the British statesmen would have advised against any such arrangement if they had been—and perhaps they were—consulted, and I do not doubt that the Prince of Wales, who is quite a diplomat and statesman himself, would have strongly objected. There is not room for two in a throne, and there can be but one throne. Don't make any mistake, Queen Victoria is a splendid woman. I could go into the constitutional question and the policy of the question at length, but I won't discuss it further."

"I'm not convinced."

"It is quite immaterial, I believe," retorted the Loyalist.

The Return of the Soldier.

Pick-Me-Up.

THE gray haze rose from its resting place upon the distant hills and flung a misty wave across the last golden moments of evening, and like the dim phantom of a rolling sea it flooded the valleys and surged above them. The low of the cattle came faintly out of the distance, and the challenges of the sultans of the farmyards were sounded at long intervals.

Gloom of great shadow was beneath the branches of the great wayside elms, and in their heights the rooks cawed and flapped heavily to and fro in their last activity before the absolute calm of night should fall upon them and strike them into the likeness of sable images carved at long intervals.

A wooden gate opened on to the path across the dewy fields which led to the sheepwash at the bottom, and on it leaned a man, bronzed and worn, a soldier of many years. There was yet a mile of winding road between him and the village, and he rested at the gate, weary with journeying, and gazed through the gathering darkness to where a row of ten white cottages lay.

A star shone palely from the dull sky as he had seen one many a night when in loneliness he had kept guard over the safety of his comrades, and he had wondered what changes it had looked down upon in that little village where his boyhood had been passed.

In foreign lands he had longed for the time when he, the prodigal, might seek his home and bring gladness to the heart that had ached so bitterly for his sake. He would not offer promises, he cherished the thought that the mother's happiness would only be complete when,

But if a Woman Have Long Hair, it is a Glory to Her.



CHO has thus far refused to answer the query: Why do certain poets, actors and preachers, as well as some reformers, wear long hair?

B

CHO

became known as the brown, red and yellow chrysanthemums.

It is well known that several of this school of poets have been urged by certain friends to have their hair trimmed to modish length, and it has been faithfully represented to them that men would respect them more highly if they would abandon their livery, so to speak.

But they are said to regard all counsel that looks toward conformity to the appearance of the ordinary well-dressed man of the world as amusingly "bourgeois." They are superior to the comments of men. The fact that a gentleman has a quiet taste and in deference to good form seeks to be inconspicuous in his array of himself is, to them, like water on a tin roof—their lordly self-consciousness is proof against the quips and the revulsions of men.

Indeed, men's opinions are not pertinent.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Plymouth, (London) Bremen
Lahn, April 19; Travre, April 26; Havel, May 3;
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, May 10.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
ship in the world.

First saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$45 upward.
New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Koenig Louise, April 23; Frieder Grosse, May 19;
Bremen, May 1; Barbarossa, May 25.

MEDITERRANEAN Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
Aler, April 16; Werra, April 23; Kaiser
Wm. II, April 30.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street, Toronto

SHIPS TO ENGLAND

April 12-13 Wm. der Grosse, 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$45.00
April 16-17 Alexandra, 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$45.00
April 18-19 St. Paul, 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$45.00
April 20-21 Lake Superior, 1st, \$50; 2nd, \$45.00

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Steamship Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON
(London-Paris)

Sailing every Wednesday at 10 a.m.
Paris, April 13; New York, May 1
St. Paul, April 20; New York, May 11
St. Louis, April 27; New York, May 18

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK TO ANVERP
Sailing every Wednesday at noon.
Friesland, April 13; Southwark, May 1
Kensington, April 20; New York, May 18
Westersland, April 27; Friesland, May 18

International Navigation Company

Piers 14 and 15, North River.

Office, 6 Bowring Green

STEAMSHIP and
TOURIST TICKETS

Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.

R. M. MELVILLE

Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.

Telephone 2010

Anecdote.

When Capoul, the great tenor, was at the height of his popularity half the men in Paris wore their hair *a la Capoul*. Once when he was traveling in the provinces he went into a hairdresser's shop to get his hair cut. "In what style will you have it trimmed, sir?" said the barber. "As it is," said the singer; "a *la Capoul*." "Yes, sir," said the barber submissively. He fingered his scissors. "If I might make so bold as to give you a bit of advice I should say change it, sir; it may suit the faces of some people, but it is not becoming to you."

The latest golf-story is about a caddie who tried in vain to get the job of carrying the clubs of a pompous player. When it was the latter's turn to play, he placed the ball carefully, threw himself into position, swung his club like a forehammer and—missed. The rejected caddie laughed joyfully. Once more the novice drove and missed, and the caddie's laughter became uproarious. At the third try the ball was dislodged from its perch and spun over the turf for about six feet. "Hi, man!" yelled the caddie derisively, "I'll carry your clubs for the fun o' the thing."

Once when in Ireland the Solicitor-General of England, Sir Robert Finlay, Q.C., met a drover proceeding with a number of cattle to a fair in the south. "Where are you going to?" he enquired. "To Waterford Fair, yer hanner." "Indeed! And how much do you expect to get for your beasts?" asked the Q.C. "Shure, an' I get eight pounds the head I shall not do badly!" replied Pat. "Ah, that's a sample of your country!" said Sir Robert. "Now, take these heifers to England and you average fourteen pounds a head." "Just so, yer hanner," said Pat promptly; "and an yez were to take the Lake of Killarney to purgatory, yez would get a guinea a dhrop."

During his recent brief outing in the Vatican gardens Leo XIII. came across an assistant gardener who was digging the soil. "My good man," he said, "how much do you receive a day for your labor?" "Two francs, your Holiness," was the reply. "And how many children have you?" "None, your Holiness." "And does your wife also work for her livelihood?" "Holy Father," said the laborer, "I have never been married." "Then, my good man," the Pontiff said, "I shall give instructions that from henceforward, instead of two francs a day, you will receive a franc and half, and that half a franc will be added to the wages of some other workman who has a wife and family to support."

Just before the war sectional feeling ran high in Congress and the Southern fire-eaters attempted to intimidate their fellows who were susceptible to that form of treatment. Senator Wade, in the course of a speech, criticized Senator Bob Toombs of Georgia in vigorous style. Toombs sent a second to Wade with a view of arranging a duel. "Senator Wade," said the friend, "General Toombs considers he has been insulted, and unless you make some explanation you must abide by the consequences." Wade looked the messenger in the eye and replied calmly, "It is just what I have been expecting. We Northerners had a consulta-

"As a Gift"
for him.

The Tyrrell
Fountain Pen

No matter who he is, if he can write, he wants it. In pocket, on train, at home, in office, everywhere, it's the only indispensable convenience, the only necessity to write. If he rich or poor, be he professor or be he clever merchant or student, he needs it all the time, and when he writes with it, and writes right, and without a dip, and without a splutter, and with a flourish, and with each stroke he thanks her or him for the good sense in giving him something practical and businesslike.

\$1.10—with 14 carat Gold Nib

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
The Bookshop,
No. 12 King Street, West,
Toronto.
Agents for Waterman Pen.

the other day about the manner in which you Southerners have been bullying and we decided to kill four or five of you, and I picked out old Toombs as my man. Tell him to send his challenge along, sir. I'll have the right to select weapons and I'll take my old rifle and lay him out at the first whack." Toombs was not very familiar with rifles, though an expert with pistols, and the challenge was never sent.

A Woman in a Boarding-House.

I has always seemed to me a mystery why the average boarding-house keeper prefers men boarders. That such is the case won't be disputed by the queen of man-haters. The average boarding-house keeper tells me that men are out all day, but what difference it can possibly make to her whether occupants are in or out of the rooms she must not occupy, I don't see. Then she says women find so much fault. But I hear plaintive tales from thin-faced females, of poor meals, cold rooms and slapdash service, of which they dare not complain, and I wonder what is what and where I am at. The boarding-house keeper says women quarrel and gossip and fetch and carry tales, do surreptitious laundry work in their rooms, and that three women can keep a house full of boarders in constant hot water. Were this not a metaphor, the three women would be distinct blessings in any pension. Then the women boarders say that the maids lose their callers' cards, wilfully mix them up, and the boarding-house keeper's daughters use their scent and handkerchiefs and stationery, and the maids say divers awful things about the women boarders when they feel like freeing their minds below-stairs, and you find it is probably a case of pot and kettle when all is said and answered. So the fact remains that the woman in a boarding-house is not popular.

I am quite sure that every woman over twenty cannot be quite happy in any other woman's house; should she be so unfortunate as to lose her home and go a-board, she naturally feels it, and as she grows older she feels it more and more. The girl who is out at work like a man all day, is the only woman boarder who is welcome in the average boarding-house. One great drawback for the woman boarder is the fact that when she feels like seeing a man friend for a chat or a game of cards, it's a problem how she is going to manage it. Did you ever try to entertain a man caller in a boarding-house parlor? I never did, but I've seen the attempt made. If you huddle him mysteriously into a nook or a corner, all the boarders in the house seem imbued with a tendency to gaze into that corner, and you can positively watch their ears growing longer as you converse in carefully modulated murmurs about the state of the weather or the chances of war. There are women boarders of inflated incomes who have a private parlor, and the maid shows up the unlucky visitor to the sanctum with a disapproving air, and all the doors seem to slip ajar as he goes by, and the next-door lady pops in, gasps "Beg pardon" and bows out in confusion, and the visitor and the hostess feel as if they'd been caught, with a vague sense of irritation and resentment. The hostess may be certain of being hinted to, and glanced at, and questioned by the old lady boarder if that hapless man ever shows his nose the second time. With the man boarder who wants to pay a call and present a rose or a box of sweets, and enjoy a nice cosy talk, what difference! He simply trots off to the home of the girl he honors with his society, and is welcomed and made much of and appreciated. But never yet did I hear of a woman boarder dressing up in her best and marching off to her man friend's home to call upon him!

Some Points on Male Attire.

ONE of the subtle distinctions by which you may recognize the man who follows the latest kinks of fashion is the fact that he wears his frock-coat buttoned up instead of open, as it has been for two years past. Moreover, he wears no scarf with it, except the white ascot. This must never be puffed, simply folded flat, or, better still, not tied but looped once, and then the aprons of equal length laid one over the other, like the two pages of a sheet of paper, and fastened with a pin. In fact, there is no note of color in the outward garb of the well dressed man today, but inwardly he is a thing of gorgeous beauty. That is to say, his socks are heightened in colored stripes and even in Scotch-plaid effects, and his underwear matches them. A good deal of color, however, is permissible for morning wear, including colored shirts, loud ties—they may be loud but must be exclusive—and even handkerchiefs with colored borders.

It is reported in New York that men are actually to wear the atrocious Styrian head-gear that the Prince of Wales wore for a time last autumn. They are green in color and made of felt or heavy silk plush, and the striking effect produced by their brilliant hue is heightened by a plume, consisting of a single cock's feather or one of those quaint feather tufts they make in Vienna, worn at the side or at the back in the true *jaeger* fashion. They are intended primarily for hunting-suits, but with our lax ideas of the fitness of the various parts of a costume, they will doubtless soon be seen on the heads of bicyclists and golf-players. The straw hats for this summer will follow the English model, having higher crowns and the brims a trifle broader than those of last year. As to the ribbons, they will be colored, if one chooses, for country wear, but black will be generally worn in town.

The latest levies women have made on the masculine wardrobe has been headed by the fair huntresses of England and Long Island. It is the appropriation of the long overcoat. Whereas men have adopted a special coat—the covert coat for riding to hounds, which is short enough to be worn comfortably while on horseback, and has been found so convenient that it has been generally adopted for morning wear—women have seized upon the Chesterfield, and, adapting it to their needs, use it when they are moving about before or after riding. It gives a plainer manly appearance to a slight and pretty woman, and will doubtless be used for other occasions than this for which it was originally intended.

The first thing that strikes a woman who looks down from a gallery at a public dinner of men is the dense clouds of smoke that hang over the tables and obscure her view, and the second is the well ordered, harmonious appearance such a body of men presents and the contrast it makes to a similar body of women, who are very easily upset; bright and receptive, with a touch of romance and a curious perversity. You could make circumstances your slaves if you were moved to exert your power. You are apt to talk, not always kindly, and you fret over things and find fault too freely. You have culture and ambition, but are careless and not always conscientious. If you feel in the humor you can do splendid work. If you would, in your self-consideration, insist upon a humble and hopeful spirit you would be much happier. You know such persons as you have their happiness in their own hands. Common-sense hides behind the door bring her into the consultation. I wonder if your health and conformation are normal.

and the shouts and jeers and general exchange of ideas was replaced by a surly silence. Somehow the men spent very little time at home after the blight fairly set in; they went to the club-house and played poker, or to the "Gym" or the hotel, and sometimes the hour was late and the keyhole difficult when they got home. To-day there are five old maids, three widows and a married couple in that boarding-house, of which couple the sad-eyed girl is the wife and the sunny-haired English boy is the husband. Of course, women have to live somewhere. I think if one woman in a hall-bed-room can hoo-doo eight men and break up an ideal jolly boarding-house, it proves that the boarding-house isn't her best location. The question arises as to what is. Some one might suggest the ideal home for the woman who must board. I confess it's an interesting subject, quite beyond me just now, but I am going to study it.

LADY GAY.

Nurses for the Klondike.

We have received from the Countess of Aberdeen the following list of contributions towards the special fund for sending nurses to the Klondike. Those who may be disposed to help this fund may send contributions to the Countess of Aberdeen, Government House, Ottawa, or to Mrs. Edward Griffin, Russell House, Ottawa. These amounts are acknowledged:

| | |
|---|----------|
| Hon. Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere | \$ 50.00 |
| A Friend in County of Russell | 6 00 |
| Mrs. E. H. King, Montreal | 25 00 |
| Mrs. A. E. Malloch, Hamilton | 10 00 |
| Dr. Robert Bell, Assistant Director Geological Survey | 25 00 |
| Mr. George Hague, Montreal | 25 00 |
| Miss Crosby, Campbellford, Ont. | 5 00 |
| Thomas More, Shuswap, B.C. | 1 00 |
| Mrs. G. A. Cox, Toronto | 100 00 |
| Messrs. Bate & Co., Ottawa | 50 00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Arbuthnot, London, Eng. | 24 31 |
| Mrs. Ridley, London, Eng. | 4 86 |
| Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Wood, Hamilton | 50 00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rowley, Ottawa | 10 00 |
| "A.B." Tunbridge Wells, Eng. | 25 00 |
| Her Grace the Duchess of Grafton, Eng. | 48 66 |
| The Dowager Lady Pelly, Warminster, Eng. | 24 33 |
| Miss Jane Emily Monk, London, Eng. | 48 66 |
| Miss Penelope Anna Monk, London, Eng. | 25 00 |
| Hon. Senator Dickey, Amherst, N.S. | 25 00 |
| Mr. W. H. Topley, Ottawa | 10 00 |
| Rev. Father Champagne, Gatineau Point, P.Q. | 6 00 |
| St. Andrew's church Sunday school, Ottawa | 12 00 |
| Mrs. F. McDonald, Ottawa | 10 00 |
| Mr. Donald Crawford, Edinburgh | 2 00 |
| Mr. John M. Garland, Ottawa | 25 00 |
| Mr. Hossack, Ottawa | 5 00 |
| A Friend (H.E.A.), Ottawa | 25 00 |
| His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton | 10 00 |
| Mrs. R. R. Dobell, Ottawa | 25 00 |
| Mr. Thomas C. Keefer, Rockliffe, Ottawa | 10 00 |
| Lady Laurier, Ottawa | 50 00 |
| Hon. Sir Fisher, Ottawa | 50 00 |
| Mrs. W. Saunders, Ottawa | 5 00 |
| Mr. H. A. F. MacLeod, C.E., Ottawa | 200 00 |
| Mr. Hewitt Bostock, Ottawa | 25 00 |
| Mrs. J. J. Gormally, Ottawa | 10 00 |

Athleta—I want to see one of those Wagner Cycles people are talking about, and if I like it, I'll subscribe.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every *geographical* study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Coupon. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not desired.

LOUISA.—An exceedingly strong and sometimes aggressive personality, quick, intuitive, and sympathetic. The study shows generous and impulsive feeling, great capacity for concealment, imagination, love of fine effect, and speculative and courageous mind, a dominant and administrative force. Keen appreciation of beauty and a decidedly pessimistic turn, quite at variance with the usual development above and very interesting.

BRIDGET BERESFORD.—A very fine study. You are a bright woman with a good deal of character and a generous and appreciative mind. You are speculative, progressive and ambitious, with a good deal of dash and energy and very sociable instincts. I can fancy you managing things successfully and eminently to be trusted; at the same time I think you might be a little exacting, particularly in matter of affection. A fine woman.

HAZEL.—Who says anyone should be content to remain ignorant! Surely no one whose opinion is valuable. You can learn a good deal you need without going to school. You have by no means dull nature, and a good deal of quick, bright imagination, very fine force and excellent energy are shown. That your impulses are without law and order is partly due to youth and to the influences under which you were born. By no means a poor study. On the contrary, a clever and promising one. You can be very fine if you try.

PONY HUMAN.—A pleasant, good-natured and plausible study, not given to hard work, and as yet much less developed than Halifax. The lines are studied and lack the freedom of a nature self-assured. Writer is prudent, reliable and very honest, sure to say just what she thinks, though perhaps it may not always be incapable of improvement. Takes the world easy and will always enjoy it, because many little matters which fret others will not be noticed by her. It shows a trifle of ambition, but no decided aim. I don't see any lines which give a clue to the future.

HALIFAX.—This is an original and very self-contained young dame, who has self-preservation well developed, and either in word or deed would be very unlikely to give herself away. She likes beautiful things and abhors quarrels, very decided partizanship, or vindictive feeling. Her wrath is as the fire among the thorns, a wretched crackle and all burnt out. She is conservative, and dislikes to be disturbed in her own ways and thoughts, and the undue self-assertiveness of youth is quite strongly in evidence. A careful method, nice sense of proportion, and reliable judgment are hers, and her thoughts are as disconnected as the sparks in a comet's tail. Just wait, though; she will develop some day, or I'm mistaken.

MARJORIE DAW.—Here you are again. And I am your ideal bachelorette! Good heavens! What have I done? And I have a shining bald spot as white as my soul. Marjorie, I'm ashamed of you. And an old meerschaum pipe! Oh! this is too much. If I could only get my hands on you! And I have soulful eyes! And shall do to you. Say, Marjorie, write to me again that I may know I didn't dream you! You seem akin to the folks one meets in dreams after a Welsh rabbit for supper. I think your idea that you were once a hen and some came by your scratchy writing is an excellent one. Ta, ta; some day I may recover sufficiently to study it.

PAUL JONES.—You are tenacious, good-tempered, but very easily upset; bright and receptive, with a touch of romance and a curious perversity. You could make circumstances your slaves if you were moved to exert your power. You are apt to talk, not always kindly, and you fret over things and find fault too freely. You have culture and ambition, but are careless and not always conscientious. If you feel in the humor you can do splendid work. If you would, in your self-consideration, insist upon a humble and hopeful spirit you would be much happier. You know such persons as you have their happiness in their own hands. Common-sense hides behind the door bring her into the consultation. I wonder if your health and conformation are normal.

MONSOON INDO-CYANON TEA

is guaranteed to give satisfaction under all circumstances, and at all times. Have you tried it? Lead packages only. All grocers keep it.

25

Studio and Gallery

THE ninth annual exhibit of students' work in the art department of Moulton College, which is under the direction of Mrs. Dignam, was held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. A very large number of visitors filled the studios. The display was considered by those who have kept in touch with the development of the art work from the beginning, as far exceeding that of any previous year. In the advanced classes, that is, in the portrait and figure-work from life, much talent and careful drawing and painting was shown. The study of values and tone quality has evidently received much consideration. In flower-painting and still-life painting, a number of pictures painted by the students have just returned from the Royal Canadian Academy exhibition, where one was hung on the line and admired for technique and coloring. Some petunias, roses, chrysanthemums, and still-life, are charming in fresh, clean, delicate water-color in the style of the latest school of painters in this medium. Pastel has not been much used in this country, but Mrs. Dignam believes it to be the medium best adapted to teach beginners in color, and certainly results show that there is wisdom in the stand taken. Modeling from casts and life in low relief has always been a subject to which much thought has been given and good results obtained from pupils.

Mrs. Dignam pays much attention to the training of younger students, who attend special classes arranged for them after public and private school hours, from four to six p.m., and Saturday morning from ten to twelve. Nearly one whole

F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES
PORTRAIT PAINTING
144 Yonge Street

R. F. GAGEN,
Studio - 90 Yonge Street.
Minatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

J. W. L. FORSTER
PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 24 King Street West

MISS EDITH HEMMING . . . Artist
Classes for Miniature Painting Monday and Saturday, 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Tel. 3746

GEO. CHAVIGNAUD
WATER COLOR
60 McGill Street.

SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK
Miss, KENLY, 112 Mainland Street. Teacher
of Art Needlework. Latest New York designs
and materials. Orders carefully filled.

FOR OUTDOOR SKETCHING
Water Colors, Brushes, Water Color Paper,
Brushes, Painting Pallettes, Drawing Sets,
Folding Easel, Umbrella, Sketcher's Water
Bottles, and in fact everything, both for the
practical and for the fastidious sketcher.
THE ART METROPOLIS (Unlimited)
131 Yonge Street - Toronto

Roberts' Art Gallery
ARTISTIC PICTURE FRAMING
LATEST DESIGNS
19 KING STREET WEST.

Charming Easter Gowns
on
Charming Women
Photographed
at the

REX STUDIO
108 Yonge Street

Operating, Retouching
and Printing

are the three essential points in the
production of high-class portraits.

Our work proves us to be experts
in all three.

PARK BROS.

Studio - 328 Yonge Street

TORONTO


HARRIS CO. LTD.
China Painters Supplies
Colts Brushes Oils &
Plants Roman Gold
Ceramic Gold
Lacquers Gold
44 KING EAST TORONTO

A Little Color

will go a long way and produce a lovely
picture if it is the right color. Don't you
think it is a good thing to get good colors,
especially when they last so long? Just
think of the cost of paint or of tube of oil color will last!

Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colors
are used by the leading artists all over the
world. Get them, and have a beautiful
picture.

For sale at all Reliable Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL
Wholesale Agents for Canada

Our
Display

at the Russell House, Ottawa, for
the last ten days was very well re-
ceived and several very nice orders
secured from the best people in that
city. The Countess of Aberdeen
and Lady Marjorie inspected the
work and were very much pleased
with it.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO
114 King Street West

studio was devoted to their drawings,
modelings and paintings. Many of the
students come to the city from distant
parts of Canada to study art, consequently
some fifty of the students are, including
those having their homes in Toronto, not
resident in the College. Pen-and-ink
sketching from life, preparatory to illustration
work, is one of the important
branches of art which is receiving attention.
Numbers of past pupils have succeeded
in a professional way, and much
promising talent is in evidence in the
large class.

China painting has only recently been
introduced. A studio is devoted exclusively
to ceramics. Visitors were unanimous
in praise of the china decoration done
under Miss Irvine's direction. Classes for
out-door work are now being organized
to go out sketching as soon as weather
permits. Although there is a good at-
tendance at these classes there are only
about five or six who are pupils of
Moulton College. Art is not much in evidence
in the college proper, owing no doubt to
the multiplicity of other studies.

Miss Hemming has just finished an
excellent portrait of the late Dr. John
Burgess. The pose is a vital and animated one.
The deceased gentleman is represented as having quickly swung
around from his study table, evidently to
interrogate a patient. The effect of movement
is distinctly felt. The color scheme
takes its note from the Russian leather of
the chair on which he sits. The back-
ground is of warm reddish brown running
into grays and grayish blue. The expression
is most natural, the flesh tint delicate
and true. Miss Hemming has been
particularly successful with the hands,
both of which are seen. The character
told by the hands is very expressive.
Refinement of mind is plainly stamped upon them.
The drawing and coloring of them are good.
Miss Hemming is also engaged on a miniature painting which
we hope the public will be permitted to see shortly.
A very lovely creation it is.
A portrait of one of Toronto's recent brides
in evening costume, enveloped in a cloud
of illusion gracefully thrown around the
head and shoulders.

The exhibition of the Copley prints opens
on Tuesday in the rooms of the Ontario
Society of Artists with a private view
from 3 to 6 p.m., after which it will be
open for the public for a week. B. E.
Walker, Esq., president of the Guild of
Civic Art, under whose auspices this exhibition
is held, will deliver a short address
at this opening view. None should fail to
see this excellent display, especially the
copies of the mural decorations which
have been so deservedly praised in leading
periodicals.

The Central Ontario School of Art will
give a public display of its work in the
O.S.A. gallery immediately at the close of
the exhibition of the Copley prints. This
school is one of great value in its industrial
interests to the country, encouraging
as it does industrial designing of all kinds.
It has received only too little recognition
generally.

The Woman's Art Association intends
holding its annual exhibition in Roberts'
Art Gallery, King street west, about
April 18. This should be of special interest
to the feminine world generally, as
indicating what amount of genius and
perseverance ladies possess. What is a
constant source of amazement to us is
that so few of Toronto's ladies have
identified themselves with art in the way
of substantial contributions of the fruit
of their own hands to any of its exhibitions.

The Ontario Society of Artists is busy
in anticipation of its coming annual ex-
hibition, which takes place early in May.
It is to be hoped the recent visit of the
Academy will not have satisfied our
citizens with pictures for some time, but
that the O.S.A. will receive that attention
and appreciation it merits.

It is said that since the World's Fair,
held five years ago, over one hundred art
organizations have sprung into existence
in the United States. This is one happy
result of the World's Fair.

In the chapel in connection with the
Berkeley School have recently been
placed two large oil-paintings by Sir John
Leslie, Christ Healing the Sick, and Christ
Blessing Little Children. A life-size statue
of John the Baptist has also been placed
in the chapel. It is to be hoped that this
gentle flow of pictorial art into sacred
edifices may swell to width which will
reach Ontario in due time.

The Toronto Art League will hold a
small exhibition of oils, water-colors and
black-and-white work at the gallery of H.
J. Matthews, Yonge street, from April 9
to 21. It is expected that this will be a
very tasty little exhibit. Messrs. Jeffreys,
Thomson and McKellar of New York and
Mr. J. W. Cotton of Chicago will send
work as well as the home members.
There will be no charge for admission and
those interested in art are invited to
drop in.

Montreal is to get a windfall. M. Hanot-
taux, the French Minister of Foreign
Affairs, has notified Archibald Brucehill
that he intends to present a painting to
St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, in the
name of the French Republic, representing
the first Mass in Canada, on June 25,
1615. The picture is a large one and will
cover one of the panels in the cathedral.

In the Appelte Court Building, recently
erected in the United States, and whose
architect was James Brown Lord, the
co-operation of nine painters and nine
sculptors was sought and given from
the very commencement of the plan until
its finish. This is surely the most sensible
and reliable way of securing a perfect
building, and a way our city fathers
would do well to copy. JEAN GRANT.

How Much do You Weigh?
Thinness is wasting. Wasting is tearing
down. Scott's Emulsion builds up;
it never makes waste. It will give you
rich meat and bring back your weight.

The Horse-Show Posters.

"What do you think of the Horse-Show
posters displayed in King street?" said I
to Jorkins.

"I suppose that they are all right," he
replied.

"But do you think that the judges
show good judgment in awarding the
prize to the Innes poster?"

"Well," he replied, "I did not see the
Innes poster, for it had been removed. I
suppose, in order that the printer might
get to work on it, but unquestionably I
think that the judges selected the best
one."

"But you did not see it," I objected.

"No, but I saw the others," said he,
and inferred that the best one was
absent. It certainly was not present."

He has a nasty way with him, has Jorkins.
When he is appealed to on an art
subject. By a studied fierceness of censure
he has made a little reputation as a critic.

If the work of "doing" the poster is
well done, there will probably be little
dissatisfaction found with the prize poster
of this year, a small black and white
reproduction of which is here given. It was
designed by Mr. J. C. Innes, artist of the
Mail and Empire. There was a second
prize this year, and this was divided be-

traveled fully 500,000 miles. This letter
has crossed the continent 150 times. It is

estimated that \$1,500 in postage has been
paid on this missive, and if the cost of
stationery on which it has been written
were added fully \$2,000 has been expended
on it. This letter, like the "Flying
Dutchman," never grows old. Indeed, it
renews its youth each year, but every year
its stopping places are fewer and fewer,
and the time must come when there will
be none to send it on its further journey-
ing. For this is the class letter of the
class of '44 Yale.

When the class of '44 was graduated
from Yale, its members agreed that each
year a certain one of them should write a
letter. He should tell in it all about him-
self, what he was doing, what were his
hopes, his prospects, his ambitions. He
should tell, too, all he knew of those who
had been his classmates. Then he should
send the letter to the son of Yale '44 who
lived nearest to him. This man should
add to this strange circular-letter the news
about himself and send it on. And so the
letter should ceaselessly pass along, and
so it has passed along. Men of Yale '44
have grown old and died, the resting-
places of the class letter have become
fewer and farther between, but the letter
duly arrived here.



The successful Horse Show Poster, by Mr. Jack Innes.

two designs, one by Miss Lake and
the other a joint production by Miss
Hagarty and Miss Springer. These are
undoubtedly meritorious bits of work, but
much discussion is caused (as usual). It is
argued that the second prize should
have gone to this, that or the other,
instead of being divided between the
two that secured it. There are those who
say that Miss Lake's poster is not a poster
but a picture, and a pleasing one. There
is something in the point, for, after all,
can we seriously believe that this poster
(or picture) would ever have been selected,
printed and posted on fences to advertise
the Horse Show? This is the real test.

Pretty, artistic, dainty as it is, would it
serve the purpose as an advertisement on a
hoarding? A poster is an art advertisement,
and neither that which is all art
nor that which is all advertisement
rank as a poster. It requires a very just
and bold blending of ingredients, and in
the effort many fail.

A London Art Critic.

If the esteemed art critic of the Toronto
Telegram should happen to read the
"art notes" in London *Truth* of March 24, he would feel an unhappy
joy. It may well be to here reproduce
some of the notes if only to get them into
print before the *Telegram* can do so by
way of showing that its art criticism is
modeled on the best English style.

"Six hundred and forty-six water-
colors!" exclaims *Truth*. "How happy
one might have been with the forty-six
had the other six hundred only been
kept discreetly away. As it is required
more time and perseverance than the
ordinary critic could possibly
spare to separate the sheep from the goats.
Fortunately, however, there were
compensatory moments for those who
persisted in their quest. Wandering through
the artistic Sahara, and wearied with
exhaustive sketches of conventional
mediocrity, depressed with repeated
instances of over-elaboration, lack of
unity, and inappropriateness of medium,
one came now and again on delightful oases,
fresh and green and grateful.

It was very like happening on a
bubbling spring in a sandy waste to halt
in front of such pictures as Mr. R. B.
Nisbet's *Waiting for the Tide*, Mr. Pep-
percorn's masterful *Cornish Harbor*, Mr.
Dudley Hardy's *Last Load*, and Mr. Carl-
ton Smith's *By the Fireside*, though an
over-elaborate technique to some extent
mars the merit of the last named. How
welcome, too, was Mr. Austin Brown's
By the Sea, daring, gay, defiant, though it
be in its color scheme. . . . Mr. John
Gulich's *Violin Concerto* stands out most
effectively amongst the acres of weathered
mariners, and haystacks, and mills in
a mist, and shrimpers returning, and
Marys driving the cattle home by moon-
light, by which it is surrounded. We are
in the term—and violinists, whilst in
the front of the picture stands the tall, svelte
figure of a young girl, lost in the rhapsody
of the music she is evidently playing with
marked success, for hovering over her is seen
the ghostly, mysterious figure of
Fame, crowning her with a garland. It is
of this picture of Mr. Gulich's, I venture
to say, that most visitors to the galleries
of the Royal Institute are likely to carry
away a vivid impression."

"I had so much pain," he goes on to say,
"which continued month after month,
that I felt anxious and consulted a doctor.
He gave me medicines and embrocations
which eased me for a time, and then I had
the pain bad as ever. In this way I re-
mained for a year or more.

In May, 1881, I read about Mother
Seigel's Syrup, and the cure it had

given me in my own case. I also knew
that my mother-in-law had for years derived
benefit from it. I got a bottle from Mr.
Chase, the chemist at Slough. After tak-
ing two bottles, I found relief. The pain
gradually wore away and I felt better than
ever. Soon I was cured, and from that
time till now, by taking an occasional
dose it always put me right. I always
take it when I feel bad.

"I feel languid and heavy," says Mr.
Knight. "My appetite was variable, and
I suffered from a stabbing pain in the
left side."

The latter was the *pleurodynia* he men-
tions—pain in the pleura, an ailment much
like neuralgia. When there is inflammation
it turns everything upside down in its
efforts to expel the intruder. This is a
furious attack; and a proneness to such
attacks is what Mr. Peter Knight means
when he says he suffered fifteen years from
liver complaint and pleurodynia.

Plenty of people who read this little
story will thoroughly understand all the
experience which he, and Mr. Sampson
after him, briefly describe.

"I feel languid and heavy," says Mr.
Knight. "My appetite was variable, and
I suffered from a stabbing pain in the
left side."

"I continued taking the Syrup, and
after I had used five bottles I was cured,
and escaped all the evils of indigestion and
liver ailments for a year. Since that time
I have kept a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup
in the house, and if I require medicine
I resort to it and always get relief. You may use this statement if you
think fit to do so." (Signed) Frank E. Sampson,
Slough, June 6, 1896."

"In the summer of 1892," says Mr. Sampson,
"I had a bad attack of indigestion and
congestion of the liver. I got medicine from
two doctors, but did not get relief. For three months I
continued to suffer. In October, 1892, I
read about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I was
then living at Hayes, Middlesex. I purchased
two bottles from the chemist in High street,
Slough. After taking one bottle I found benefit. The gnawing
feeling at the chest ceased, and the *melancholy* and *depression* left me, and I felt
brighter and stronger.

"I continued taking the Syrup, and
after I had used five bottles I was cured,
and escaped all the evils of indigestion and
liver ailments for a year. Since that time
I have kept a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup
in the house, and if I require medicine
I resort to it and always get relief. You may use this statement if you
think fit to do so." (Signed) Frank E. Sampson,
Slough, June 6, 1896."

Dose—A wine glass full three times a day.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Sale Agents for Canada:

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO., Montreal.

Why not have the **BEST?** Made in vari-
ous styles to suit all purse.

The WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Limited

Montreal, P. Q.

MUSIC

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known Canadian pianist, is expected to return to Toronto in about two months' time. In an interesting letter to a local professional colleague Mr. Tripp says: "The past season in Vienna, from a pianistic point of view, has been especially brilliant. We have had Mentor, Carreno, Busoni, d'Albert, Eibenschatz, Lamond, Bauer, Eduard Schuett (for whom I frequently play), Bertha Jahn, Emil Sauer, and are now awaiting Rosenthal and Stavenhagen. Regarding my personal work, I have recently had considerable class work under Stepanoff's teaching. Members of his classes go to Leschetizky once a week. The benefit of such class-lessons, where one plays to get routine and criticism, and hear the great master's criticisms on so many others, all more or less advanced as concert players, is obvious. Miss Julia MacBrien and Miss Ruby Preston are among the latest Canadians to arrive here. Mr. William T. Thompson of St. Catharines, Mons. Renaud of Montreal and several others are also representatives of Canada, so you see the Dominion is well to the front in Vienna, as it is at Berlin, Leipzig and other centers. The Canadian students here are having their preparatory training for lessons with Leschetizky like a little man. He claims to be deriving great benefit from it. I am very well pleased with the great advantages of study in this, the greatest school of pianism at the present time. The Canadian students here have been much amused at the proposed examinations for Canada of the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music. There should be a big boom for fourth-rate teachers and tenth-rate pupils now. The requirements of the Associated Board in piano-playing certainly are laughable when viewed from the standpoint of the development of piano-playing in Canada."

Canadian composers should make a note of the prize offer of the New York Musical Art Society which is embodied in the following announcement of the Society, and which includes, as will be noticed, musicians resident in Canada: "The Musical Art Society of New York, in pursuance of its aim to foster a taste for what is purest and best in 'a capella' choral music, desires not only to give adequate performance of the masterpieces of this character already extant, but also to encourage further development of this field. The Society therefore offers a prize, given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Butler McCagg, and which it is proposed to make an annual one, of two hundred and fifty dollars, for the best composition for mixed voices unaccompanied. The first competition is offered on the following conditions: (1) Anyone may compete who has been, for the past five years or longer, a resident of the United States or Canada. (2) The work shall be set to sacred words, Latin or English, for a chorus of about fifty voices. (3) The time of performance should not exceed fifteen minutes. (4) The compositions offered will be submitted to the three following judges, and should be addressed to the president of the society, Dr. Fred E. Hyde, 20 West Fifty-third street, New York. George W. Chadwick, Asger Hamerik, the conductor of the Musical Art Society." For conditions governing the competition intending competitors should address the secretary of the Musical Art Society. It is proposed to offer this prize, with the same restrictions as to residence, for a work set to secular words, English or German, in 1899; and to offer it without any restrictions as to nationality or language in 1900.

An organist of high talent, an accompanist of remarkable gift, an artiste of great popularity, and a woman held in the highest regard, Mrs. H. M. Blight has long been a favorite with the Toronto public. She has been associated in the most essential role of accompanist with nearly all the principal musical events of the past fifteen years. Foreign artists of note visiting Toronto are delighted and surprised to find here an accompanist of such rare skill, in a most difficult capacity. "She doesn't know how good she is," was the comment of Mr. Watkin Mills on her work. Outside, however, of her musical gifts Mrs. Blight, in her personal capacity and as organist in succession of St. Peter's Episcopal church, the Elm street Methodist church and now the Bloor street Presbyterian church, has a very wide range of friendships, while she is most esteemed by fellow artists. These, in conjunction with her friends, are uniting in giving her a grand popular benefit in Massey Music Hall on Tuesday evening, April 19. The list of artists who have tendered their services is perhaps the best evidence of the merits of the occasion, and these include: Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, contralto, of Buffalo, Miss Beverly Robinson, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Kate Archer, Harold Jarvis, Francis Mercier, Pier Delasco, Paul Hahn, Owen Smily, Grenville P. Kleiser, the Madrigal Club, a select choir of fifty voices from Jarvis street Baptist church, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt, and the band of the 48th Highlanders, under the leadership of Mr. John Slatter.

The Toronto Festival Chorus committee have announced the plan of operation decided upon for that society under the baton of Mr. F. H. Torrington for the season of 1898-9. The scheme is limited to two public events. The first of these will be a Yuletide presentation of Handel's *The Messiah*. This, it is expected, will be followed in the early spring by what it is intended shall in future be recognized as this society's annual festival. On this occasion, which will engage two evenings in succession, the programme will include Mendelssohn's *The Elijah*, Sullivan's

Golden Legend, and miscellaneous numbers by soloists and orchestras. The process of chorus organization has favorably progressed, and the present rehearsals will shortly terminate, resuming in September. In the meantime the names of a limited number of capable choristers will be enrolled to perfect the personnel of the chorus. Information may be had regarding membership, etc., by addressing Mr. Gilverson, secretary, care Rice Lewis & Son, King street east, or Mr. S. T. Church, chairman, 9 Pembroke street.

Seemingly in ratio with the season's progress is the ripening of performance by pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music in concert work, a most satisfactory indication, by the way, proving that the methods employed in the various departments of the institution are conducive to practical and well defined advancement. The concert given in the Metropolitan's recital hall on Thursday evening of last week was a mixture of junior and higher grade pupils, including the following: Pianists—Misses Violette Rutledge, Katie Roberts, Minnie Claxton, Ruby Fawcett, Millie Brownlow, Ethel Dodds, Violet Wadsworth, Ada Lillie and Mabel Partridge; vocalists—Messrs. W. J. Street and William Blain; violinist—Master Ashley Moorhouse. The teachers represented by pupils were: Misses H. S. Taylor, C. M. Tufford, A. M. Sydney, Amy Robson, Jaffray, Mrs. Roberts, Messrs. J. M. Sherlock, Cecil Carl Forsyth, Peter C. Kennedy and W. O. Forsyth, the last named being the director of music at the Metropolitan.

Mr. R. L. Stiver, a talented pupil at the College of Music of Mr. W. E. Fairlough, R. F. C. O., gave a very successful recital of organ music at the College on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Stiver's programme included: Mendelssohn's Sonata

tions. Several of the works performed possessed decided merit, and much surprise was expressed by members of the Club that Sig. Dinelli has not been heard from as a composer to a greater degree than has been the case. Mr. Tandy assisted Sig. Dinelli in the vocal numbers rendered, and the evening proved a very interesting occasion.

It has been my pleasure recently to come across several compositions of Dr. Albert Ham, the accomplished organist and choir-master of St. James' Cathedral. The sound musicianship and clever invention displayed in the compositions I have noticed, which, by the way, are anthems and part-songs, a class of work in which English musicians particularly excel, stand Dr. Ham as a composer of decided ability. I can heartily recommend Dr. Ham's works to local choirmasters and conductors as compositions combining in a rare degree the qualities of geniality and solidity.

The choir of the Central Presbyterian church, Buffalo, under the direction of Mr. Angelo Read, the well known Canadian musician, is now considered one of the finest in that city. An Easter song service which was given by the choir on Monday evening last received high praise from the Buffalo critics. Dudley Buck's splendid new cantata, *Christ the Victor*, was the principal work of the evening, and its excellent interpretation under Mr. Read's baton afforded much pleasure and proved an inspiration to the large audience present.

Mr. Thomas Martin, the talented solo pianist of London, Ont., has been giving a very successful series of piano recitals in various towns and cities in the western part of the province. Among recent successes have been recitals in Stratford and London. Local papers give enthusiastic

money was brought around from the box office and paid to the landlady. So was her cab fare, and the prima donna stepped on the stage only ten minutes late. The story got out to the audience, which welcomed her as enthusiastically as if it had found something that seemed irretrievably lost. That happened in Turin.

More of the "Chopinzee."

Chattanooga News.

De Pachman, the pianist, is so full of whimsicalities, of grimaces and odd doings, and withal is such a superb player, that he has been characterized by one epigrammatic writer as "having the soul of an angel in the body of an ape," and by another as "a combination of specialized wisdom and indifferentiated damfoolism."

An instance of this latter element of his character took place after one of his New York recitals. A pianist of some note went on the stage to congratulate him on his brilliant performance. He found De Pachman pacing up and down the stage examining in fury:

"Ach Gott! Des American beeples, hoy dey do—dey know not museek! I vill go back to Germany. Here dey know notings. I play like von Gott, und, und, und do dey do?" Taking his hand, the visitor tried to assuage his wrath by saying, "Yes, yes, Mr. Pachman, you did play like a god."

Whereupon the irrepressible combination of egotism and genius burst forth: "Blay like von Gott! I play like zweil Gotts, and dey do notings!"

A Faithful Teacher.

Marcel, the noted dancing-master and posture-master, was as much in love with his art as if he had been a great painter or musician. He could not pardon the least inelegance of posture.

In his latter days he was in reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with the gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand.

He immediately thrust it from him and said, "Go and take it up, miss, and present it to me as I have taught you."

She burst into tears but obeyed.

"I consent to take it now, and I thank you; but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."

Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 6.99 inches to the statute mile.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NON. G. W. ALLAN
PRESIDENT
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
College St. and Queen's Ave.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
CALENDAR
Givings particulars of courses of study, etc., in all departments, MAILED FREE.
PUPILS MAY ENTER FOR STUDY AT ANY TIME.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal
Oratory, Recitation, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Oratory, Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Statue Posing, Literature.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
... TENOR
Successful Vocal Instructor Toronto Conservatory of Music. Best Method. Highest artistic results. Concert engagements accepted.
Address: The Conservatory of Music, cor. College St. and Queen's Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Miss Louie MacDowell
Piano pupil of Herr Wielmayer in Leipzig, and Toronto

will prepare pupils for Herr Wielmayer.
71 Gloucester Street.

T. C. JEFFERS, Mus. Bac. (Toronto)
Organist and Chorister Central Methodist Church. Teacher and Lecturer Toronto College of Music: Moulton Ladies' College; St. Margaret's College. Piano, Organ, Singing and Theory. Residence, 60 Isabella Street.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar. Teacher Toronto College of Music. Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College. Studio: Daytime at Northdheimer's; Evening, 88 Nassau Street. Telephone 1695

CHAS. E. SAUNDERS, Ph.D.
VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING
Vocal Instructor at Havergal Ladies' College and St. Margaret's College. Special course in vocal physiology for teachers. Reception hours 1 to 3 p.m. Monday and Wednesday.

MR. R. VICTOR CARTER
(Late of Leipzig, Germany). Private pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, and Prof. Dr. Jadassohn PIANO and COMPOSITION. Krause Method Taught Studio—Odeon Bldg., Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Reception hours, 11 to 12 a.m. Monday evenings, 66 St. George Street.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
VOICE CULTURE. Professor of Singing at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and Havergal Ladies' College. **Oratorio, Concert and Choral** singing. Can teach vocal solos and Training soloists to fill church and teaching positions a specialty. Reception hours at Conservatory—3 to 4, Mondays and Fridays. Residence—4 Pembroke Street.

F. WARRINGTON
BARTON
Concerts and Oratorio
Voice culture (Italian method) and artistic singing. Class tuition at special rates. For terms apply to Residence, 214 Carlton Street, or Studio, R. S. Williams, 143 Yonge Street.

W. M. F. ROBINSON
SOCIAL CULTURE
Conductor University Ladies' College Glee Club, Havergal Ladies' College, Vocal Instructor Toronto College of Music, Havergal Ladies' College, Bishop Strachan's College, Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Principal School of Vocal Science at New York. Studio—143 Yonge St. Tel. 1504.

MR. HARRY M. FIELD
of Leipzig, Germany
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils—23 Grassi Strasse, or Prof. Martin Krause, 26 Brandenburger Strasse.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church, Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College. White Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.
Canadian University, Toronto. Certified teacher Vocal and Piano of Toronto College of Music. Address 92 Wellesley St., or Toronto College of Music.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
380 Brunswick Avenue.

GEO. E. BRAME, Singing Master
Teacher of Piano and Theory
Specialist in Sight-singing.
13 Dunbar Road Rosedale.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD TENOR
Voice Culture—Vocal Science System.

For terms, etc., apply at Ashdown's, 88 Yonge St., or at Studio, 7 Rusholme Road.

W. H. T. TONRINGTON, GEORGE DICKSON, President.

Infants' Outfits from \$10. (Mrs. J. Philip)

Ladies' Trouseaux to order.
Children's Dresses from 50c.
Small Children's Clothing

All kinds to order.

6 College Street

INSURANCE

FOUNDED A.D. 1710

The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World

SUN FIRE

Insurance Office, of London, England

Head Office, Canadian Branch—TORONTO

H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.

Surplus over capital and all other liabilities

exceeds \$1,000,000

HIGGINBOTHAM & LYON—Toronto Agents

15 Wellington Street East

Telephone 488

"IMPERIAL"
Mandolins, Banjos and Guitars
Are without doubt
PERFECTION

Says Mr. J. A. LE BARRE, the well known soloist and teacher of the mandolin, banjo and guitar, who has used the

"IMPERIAL"

for the past twelve years.

Whaley, Royce & Co.

158 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

MADAME STUTTAFORD, VOICE

Specialist (pupil of Sig. Lablaeche), Voice culture, Italian method; correct breathing. Terms moderate.

LOYD N. WATKINS
303 Church Street. Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of Guitar at the Conservatory of Music.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
271 Jarvis St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

CAMPBELL L. STOTESBURY
Pupil of Lamperti and Blasco. Pure Italian method of voice placing and developing. Opera, concert, oratorio. 18 Grange Avenue.

S. E. CHADWICK
(Mrs. S. Chadwick)
Organist, Pianist, Concert Accompanist
21 Bleeker Street.

G. H. OZBURN, Teacher Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo, at Conservatory of Music, Hamilton. 18 Gloucester Street.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, taught by Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto College of Music. Studio—Nordheimer's, 240 Simcoe St.

M. R. ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne St. Method. Church Piano, Organ and Musical Theory 46 Phebe Street.

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Teacher of Piano. Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field, 111 Bloor St. West, or Toronto College of Music.

JOSEPH HUGILL
448 Yonge St.
Maker and Repairer of Violins, Etc.

MASSAGE.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, taught by Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto College of Music. Studio—Nordheimer's, 240 Simcoe St.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO...
Pupil of the late Madam Seiler and of Edward Hayes, Principal School of Vocal Culture. Studio—61 Pembroke Street.

MRS. PEARSON
D. R. CHAS. E. PEARSON
DENTISTS
130 Yonge Street, Toronto
Porcelain Fillings and Bridgework
Gold Crown and Bridgework
Fees moderate.

EDUCATIONAL.

\$25 DOLLARS \$25

Will pay your tuition in the Business, Telegraph, Shorthand or Penmanship department of the

Central Business College, Toronto, For the SPRING TERM ending June 30th next. Get particulars. Enter Now. Wm. W. H. SHAW, Principal, 1 Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

St. Margaret's College TORONTO
Cor. Bloor & Spadina Ave.
A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Modern equipment. Teachers in every department fully qualified for similar positions in Collegiate Institutes. Large grounds for physical exercises.

Social and Personal.

The Parkdale Choir's concert, under the direction of Mr. Gorrie, on Tuesday evening was a pronounced treat to a number of smart people who appreciate good music. Mr. Bispham, the trig and trim little gentleman with the adorable voice, sang himself once more into the hearts of all, and deserves our emphatic thanks for his encore, The Lost Chord, a noble song which we have heard murdered by several pretentious warblers recently. Mr. Bispham's rich, earnest tones did the true majesty and beauty of Sullivan's masterpiece full justice. The baritone made a small oration, regretting that his music had been lost in transit and that several of his numbers had to be changed, as their setting was not to be had in Toronto. Some ardent Kiplingers groaned over the lack of Danny Deever, and regretted that the loss of the score had not been made known earlier, as some of us knew where it could have been borrowed. Professor Huntingford would, surely, have been his usual amiable self and gladly have lent Danny Deever to the splendid singer of Tuesday evening.

Among those who attended the concert were: Miss Mowat, Mr. Fred and Mrs. Mowat, Miss Strange, Miss Law and Commander Law, who were *vis-à-vis* with the singers, in the usual reserved gallery seats; Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. George Plunkett Magann, Mr. Henry Osborne, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mrs. Alfred Hoskins, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Signor Delasco, Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Houston, Miss May Walker, Mr. Scott. The Massey box was occupied and an exceedingly smart party of ladies and gentlemen were in the box underneath. *Vis-à-vis* were also enthusiastic parties who enjoyed every number exceedingly. The choir were grouped effectively, the sopranos and altos in snowy frocks, with Scotch tartan ribbons crossed from shoulder to belt, *a la militaire*, and each tenor and bass sported a bright little *boutonniere* of scarlet. Miss Tessa McCallum, the elocutionist of the evening, was in shell-pink with green velvet trimmings, and Miss Janet D. Grant wore a cream gown with *chiffon* sleeves. Her singing of Jock o' Hazeldean was most delightful.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell will close their charming home in west Rosedale on May 1, and go to the seaside, and later to the Catskills for the summer. By the way, what picturesque and artistic homes there are in this section of Toronto's most lovely suburb. That attractive little mansion overhanging the ravine, which is the home of Mr. Boulthoe, his artist son and his literary son; Miss Tully's beautiful new home in Roxborough avenue, and also a rejuvenated and beautified Rosedale House, where Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout are the ever gracious host and hostess, are three of west Rosedale's beauty-spots. The winds that sweep up

such a lot of smart people are coming up for the Horse Show! Toronto will need to get her best bib and tucker on to meet the stylish contingent from the East on equal footing.

Many friends of artist and subject have admired Mr. Dickson Patterson's admirable portrait of Sir George Burton, which was on view in the studio, and later at Roberts' Art Gallery, King street. Mr. Patterson found Sir George an inspiring subject, and has presented him in his best expression.

**SIG. G. DINELLI'S
FAREWELL
Benefit Concert**

Tuesday, April 12th, 1898
8 P.M.

NEW MUSIC HALL
Conservatory of Music
College Street and Queen's Avenue

ARTISTS:
Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Miss Bessie Bonsall, Miss Dallas, Mons. F. X. Mercier, Mr. Rechab Tandy, Sig. Delano, Herr Rudolph Ruth, Mr. W. H. Thompson, Sig. L. C. C. Reserved seat, Tickets 50c, at all music stores. Plan now open at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, Yonge Street.

**Festival
of the Lilies**
MASSEY MUSIC HALL
Easter Monday, April 11
3,000 seats at 15c.; 1,000 reserved at 25c. extra.
Plan now open.

More Vitality in Dunlop Tires

THAN IN ANY OTHER



AMERICAN
DUNLOP TIRE CO.

Stammerers

Consult Messrs Church & Byrne, Church's Auto Voce Institute, 9 Pembroke Street.

**EASTER
SHOE WEAR**

Long-wear footwear—shoes of style—shoes of quality—prices right—as cheap as can be—beautiful new lines for Easter.

In Ladies' Shoes

Vici Shoes, with vesting top, in chocolate and black at \$2.50 and \$3.50.



In Gents' Shoes

Men's Box Calf laced shoes in Chocolate and Golden Russet, also in Russia Calf with vesting top.

These are the freshest styles. Everything you or your family want in shoes is found here. A positive guarantee with every pair.

"Bow-Wow"



Men's Box Calf laced shoes in Chocolate and Golden Russet, also in Russia Calf with vesting top.

These are the freshest styles. Everything you or your family want in shoes is found here. A positive guarantee with every pair.

W. L. WALLACE
110 Yonge Street



The Triple Crown
is one of the many strong and pleasant features of
The...
Massey-Harris
It makes the wheel even more popular than before.

Massey-Harris Co.
LIMITED
City Salesroom:
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Streets
TORONTO

CARPET CLEANING

A great many ladies think it is absolutely necessary to have their carpets taken up and beaten each spring. With our process it is not so necessary to remove them in a most thorough manner on the floor. However, if you have them beaten out and wish them to look like new, have our men do it after they are rolled and you will see that we pay for the expense in having the colors brightened and freshened and the nap raised, which cannot be done by beating, as well as any grease spots or stains removed. A word or a post card to the Carpet Cleaning Manufacturing Co., 120 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, will be sufficient, as we will at once send up a man to call on you.

BICYCLE
Lady's or Gentleman's
'98 Pattern—New—For Sale Cheap

ROOM 9, SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

Any Engravings Published

In TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT are for sale or rent at low rates. Apply to SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED) Toronto.

OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building
Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. Limited.

PROFESSIONAL

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.
Phone 1641

The Peruvian condor's wings are sometimes forty feet from tip to tip.

**No
Bacteria
IN
"Reindeer Brand"**

**Condensed Milk
AND
Evaporated Cream**

Crown and Bridge Specialist

Our practice increasing at an enormous rate. **Way**—Because our work is not satisfactory. We guarantee all crown and bridge work for 15 years and it is sure to last a lifetime. The price is only from \$4 to \$5 per tooth. All work done painlessly. Come and see the results of our work. Only experienced specialists employed. Largest and best appointed offices in Canada. Our best set of teeth (just) only \$6, painless extraction included. Gas or air only 50c.

H. A. GALLOWAY, L.D.S.
N. E. cor. Yonge and Queen
Entrance 2½ Queen East
Lady assistant. Phone 701.

**RUSSET
TEA-POTS**
Very pretty and serviceable pottery—new shapes and designs—special at 40c. to 90c.

**ENGLISH
COFFEE-FILTERS**
Terra Cotta Ware—double—nicely decorated—insure a delicious draught—at 65c. to \$1.25

CHINA HALL
JOS. IRVING
49 KING EAST

**Coleman's
Salt**
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

**Novel
Fancy
Ices**
Our Ices are always richly perfect in flavor. Just now we are making some new and appropriate designs specially suited to the season. When you entertain, why not give us your order?

Cole's
Caterer and Confectioner
719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

**The Season
of Weddings**

Is ushered in by the happy clanging of Easter bells. We are noted for our

**WEDDING
RINGS . . .**

which are all 18 karat fine, and can sell you a beauty for \$5.00, higher or lower price if you wish.

SGHEUER'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
JEWELLERS
19 YONGE ST.

MOURNING . . .
In Italian and broader borders. Also Visiting Cards

**NOTE . . .
PAPER . . .**
WITH ENVELOPES TO MATCH

MISS E. PORTER
Ladies' Work Depository, 18 King St. E.



What if you do have to pay a few dollars more for the best piano that is made? If you get a piano that will be as good ten, fifteen or twenty years from now, it is better to save money in the end. That is the logic of choosing a Heintzman & Co piano. It is the best. Insist on one of these pianos.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
117 KING STREET WEST

STORY OF HERCULES

When as an infant Hercules strangled the two serpents sent by his enemy to slay him, he proved his divine origin. Hercules was the ideal of human perfection. So is the

HERCULES WIRE BEDS
the ideal of perfection in strength and comfort. Be wise and sleep on a Hercules Wire Bed. Sold by the furniture dealers. Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co., Toronto. Two large factories.

Social and Personal.

Major and Mrs. Evans have arrived from Montreal, and will reside in Toronto. This will be pleasant news for many friends, most of all for their daughter, Mrs. E. Taylor English, of Bloor street east.

On next Wednesday afternoon Lady Gowski will receive at The Hall from half-past four until seven. Many regretful farewells will be said to General and Mrs. Sandham, who have spent the winter in Toronto, and who are always missed so sadly when they say good-bye and return to Merrie England.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra are spending Easter week in New York. Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney returned to New York with her daughter, Mrs. Atcheson, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Crowther have gone to England for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones will summer on the Continent. They sailed for Genoa last week.

Fraulein Chellus, who has many friends in Toronto, lectured on German Literature in Ottawa last week before a distinguished audience, including Her Ladyship of Rideau Hall.

Among the enthusiastic horsemen who are seen in sylvan parts, cantering through the country, is Mr. G. Allen Case, in company with his young son, on a dapper little pony, father and son alike in love with a good mount. It was Mr. Case of whom a great whip said he could make him the best driver in Canada in three months.

Mrs. C. V. Snelgrove, of Carlton street, entertained about thirty ladies at afternoon eucharist on Friday of last week. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Britton, and a very enjoyable and all too short afternoon was spent. Among those present were: Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Charles Boone, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. Harry Piper, Mrs. Charles Luddin, Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. W. G. Brown, Miss Boone, Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. C. Riggs, Mrs. Joseph Irving, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Bugg and Mrs. James Sinclair.

One of the most interesting musical events of the coming Easter week will be the farewell concert of Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli at the new and attractive music hall of the Conservatory of Music, College street. Sig. Dinelli has served the musical interests in Toronto for several years with great zeal and fidelity, and has ever been ready to give his services to the cause of charity. Upon the eve of his departure for a wider field, near New York city, we feel sure his many friends and the music lovers of Toronto will give him their presence at this, his last concert, more especially also as he has a most brilliant and attractive programme, in which some of our best and most popular local talent will appear.

Mr. George Verry of Baldwin street has sailed for London, Eng., by steamship Parisian, and expects to be away for several months.

Prof. Clark, Trinity College, leaves for Ottawa this week, where he will lecture and preach. Prof. Clark will be the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

Professor and Mrs. Clark entertained at dinner recently in honor of Mr. Waters of Ottawa. Among those present were: Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Lady Thompson, Mr. Henry Totten and Mrs. Cattanach.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. King gave a card party and supper to a number of friends on Wednesday evening.

Miss Ella Marcon of Elsing, Balmoral Beach, has returned home after a very pleasant visit to Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, at Atlantic City for Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and Miss Crombie are in New York.

The House Boys of Upper Canada College, through their Head Boy, handed to the secretary of the Children's Aid Society last Monday the sum of \$17.62. This



A Scrap of History

For 12 years this house has been making history — Wall Paper King.

It's a history that reveals all through its pages a determination for a National trade.

Step by step all the known resources of the Wall Paper world have been acquired.

We've surrounded ourselves with the best there is to be found in the whole broad field of Wall-paperdom. Artistic talent—trained buyers—experienced salesmen—shipping facilities—mechanical devices for the rapid handling of stock—and a perfect encyclopedia of ideas culled from the brainiest people in the trade.

This is part of the force back of this National business—another vital force is the tremendous stock we carry.

And all at the disposal of every customer.

The Wall Paper King OF CANADA

C. B. SCANTLEBURY
Belleville, Kingston, Winnipeg
Belleville Store 360 Front St.

If it is not, a convenient place to order from our Wall Paper Dept., Belleville, Ont., will bring you samples free by mail or express. State the room you want to paper, and the colors you wish to play, and mention this paper. Agents wanted everywhere.

amount was the result of a collection taken at their Sunday evening service last Sunday and comes as an Easter offering from the Boys.

A game of basketball at the Toronto Athletic Club on Saturday night made fun for a good attendance of members and friends. The decorators are now through and a fine effect has been left on the walls and ceilings—that cold, white, unfinished look gone and instead harmonious color.

Monsieur F. X. Mercier's farewell concert, which is announced to take place in Association Hall under distinguished patronage, on May 2, promises to be the musical event of the season, as the leading artists of Toronto have been secured for the occasion.

Mr. Bispham was the guest of Mr. J. Kerr Osborn at Clover Hill for supper after the concert Tuesday, and an exceedingly attractive group of Toronto beauties and smart cavaliers were asked to meet him.

Mr. Charles McGill, the general manager of the Ontario Bank, was in Bowmanville this week, attending the funeral of his father.

Among the successful ones in the Trinity examinations are Miss Bertha Macdougall and Miss Good.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week the 18th Highlanders will present their great play, One of the Best, with a splendid cast. The affair, which will be a very smart one, is under the patronage of His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen, who are expected to occupy one of the boxes: Sir Casimir and Lady Gowski, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Sir Frank Smith and Mrs. Harrison, and the following distinguished patrons from other cities: General and Mrs. Gage, the Minister of Militia and Mrs. Borden. The officers of the sister regiments and of the Thirteenth of Hamilton have been invited and have accepted invitations. Captain Hendrie is to bring down a party of ten for Friday evening. The regimental band, under Mr. Slatter, will play incidentally in the piece, and the pipes, under the new pipe major Beeton, will also have an innings. Special scenery is being painted for the play. An ancient abbey, a regimental canteen, and a barracks-square are among the new scenes.

Professor and Mrs. Clark entertained at dinner recently in honor of Mr. Waters of Ottawa. Among those present were: Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Lady Thompson, Mr. Henry Totten and Mrs. Cattanach.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. King gave a card party and supper to a number of friends on Wednesday evening.

Miss Ella Marcon of Elsing, Balmoral Beach, has returned home after a very pleasant visit to Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, at Atlantic City for Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and Miss Crombie are in New York.

The House Boys of Upper Canada College, through their Head Boy, handed to the secretary of the Children's Aid Society last Monday the sum of \$17.62. This



Every Style of Boys' Suits is represented in our Spring Stock of Clothing

Oak Hall, Clothiers 115 to 121 King St. E.
Toronto

THERE are many points of advantage in our new
SQUARE END DEEP CLUB BAG
in the New Grain Leathers—BISON, KODOO and MONKEY



SUIT CASES FLASKS TOILET ROLLS
KIT BAGS RUGS TOILET BAGS

Steamer Trunks, Basket Trunks, Dress Trunks, Carryalls

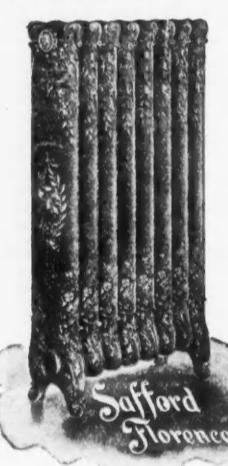
Made by...

The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.
TEL. 233 105 KING STREET WEST
MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE TRAVELING AND LEATHER GOODS

In Use Everywhere

"Safford" QUEEN OF Radiators

are the world's standard for Hot Water and Steam Heating. The only Radiators in Canada made without rods or bolts, and never leak.



DAISY
Hot Water Boiler
is Canada's Standard Heater.

Twelve Sizes All Portable

Full particulars on application to

The TORONTO RADIATOR
... Manufacturing Co., Limited
TORONTO and MONTREAL

hym into special prominence throughout the country as a piano specialist of exceptionally high attainments.

Eastertide and New Clothes.

Eastertide is on us and the spring spirit is giving full vent to its feelings in a thousand and one ways, but in no way will the stepping from one season to another be more marked than in the almost universal change of raiment. Gentlemen nowadays do not permit the gentler sex to hold any monopoly of new clothes to mark the change either. Thus it is that on next Sunday morning we will see on the principal promenades—on the way to cathedral or to church—a numberless multitude of men decked out in new garb for spring—some with good clothes, some with better, as his taste or his purse dictates—it would be hard guessing just how many of the dressers of the day have passed through the hands of Henry Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, but there will be a lot of unexpressed satisfaction that day by wearers of the stylish garments that good fortune and good sense directed them to Mr. T. Frocks will be much in evidence—the dressy Chesterfield topcoat will come next, and if the day is a little under the weather the indispensable coat will be resorted to.

The route is via Chicago, St Paul, Seattle, Victoria, etc.

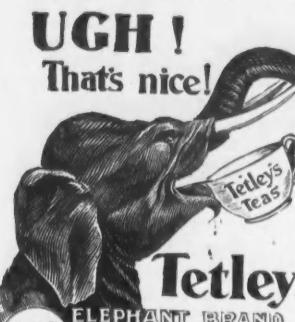
Call on the nearest G. T. R. agent for full information.

TORONTO OFFICES—1 King Street West and Union Station, or write to
M. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.

Will Stop Your Cough
Instantly and produce a soothing effect upon the vocal organs.

TRY THEM.

Watson's
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker & Embalmer
389 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 678



From India and Ceylon

Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, filled with pure good tea, and sold in 1/2 and 1 lb. packets, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb., are certainly

Best of Tea Value
no matter which grade is purchased.

"Tetley's
ELEPHANT BRAND
TEAS

Everybody Knows

The "Welland Vales"

"PERFECT"
"CHAINLESS"
"BICYCLES" "GARDEN CITY"
"DOMINION"
... MADE BY...

WELLAND VALE MFG. CO.
LIMITED
St. Catharines, Ont.

Toronto Store: 147 & 149 Yonge Street

Why not make sure of lifelong, economical satisfaction by choosing a
Duchess of Oxford Range?

They are praised enthusiastically by women over Canada who know their quick-working, easily-regular and coal-saving qualities.

The patent fire, not found in other stoves, which ventilates and keeps the heat uniform and dry will make a big difference to you when baking or roasting.

Don't hesitate. The Duchess is always up to date in every detail and each one is guaranteed.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto

Going To Buy

A Stove?



Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth

is softer, richer, with greater width and weight than any Henrietta. Ideal in the richness of its surface glow and draping qualities. It is the perfection of a

Black Dress Fabric

It will not grow rusty—its dust-shedding qualities are absolute. Matchless in delicacy of texture—unparalleled in its wearing service. Silk warp. Wrapped on the varnished board, "Priestley" stamped on every fifth yard.

The Improved Henrietta

Sold by Dry Goods Dealers Everywhere.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CARP—On March 26, Mrs. Thomas W. Capp—daughter.

ALEXANDER—March 27, Mrs. Alexander—a daughter.

NETTLETON—Penetanguishene, March 31, Mrs. C. A. Nettleton—a son.

CLINE—March 29, Mrs. W. H. Cline—a daughter.

MASSEY—April 4, Mrs. W. E. H. Massey—a daughter.

GRAY—April 4, Mrs. Henry A. Gray—a daughter.

BAKER—April 4, Mrs. F. Baker—a son.

HOSACK—March 29, Mrs. D. C. Hosack—a daughter.

FORBES—Farnham, Que., March 29, Mrs. Geo. Forbes—a son.

MOLYNEUX—April 4, Mrs. F. C. M. Molyneux—a daughter.

Marriages.

HOLLINRAKE—IRVING—March 31, T. A. Hollinrake to Hattie Irving.

MCRAE—GRAY—April 2, Rev. W. M. McRae to Ella Gray.

MACKENZIE—HEDLEY—March 30, Reginald Mackenzie to Grace Hedley.

GRANT—April 4, Mrs. W. Garrett, inclusive, Good returning until April 12th, 1898.

APPLY TO CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AGENT, OR C. E. McPherson, AST. GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, 1 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker & Embalmer
389 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 678

BETHUNE—April 3, Jane Frances Bethune, daughter.

BUTCHART—April 5, Agnes L. Butchart.

DICK—April 4, Hannah Dick, aged 81.

MACGREGOR—Minneapolis, April 1, Charlotte Macgregor.

GARRETT—April 4, Mrs. W. Garrett, aged 60.

KERR—April 3, Rev. John L. Kerr, aged 72.

MITCH